

BORN IN JUNE



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MAY GARDEN

by John Drinkwater

A shower of green gems on my apple tree
This first morning of May
Has fallen out of the night, to be
Herald of holiday—
Bright gems of green that, fallen there,
Seem fixed and glowing on the air.

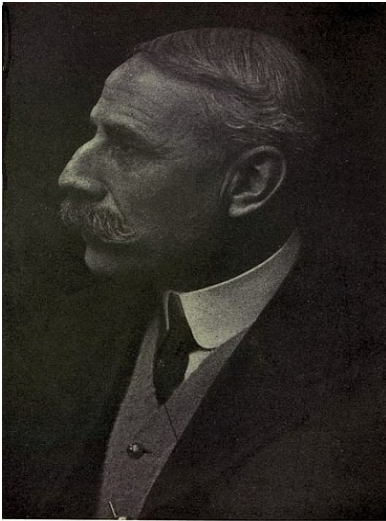
Until a flutter of blackbird wings
Shakes and makes the boughs alive,
And the gems are now no frozen things,
But apple-green buds to thrive
On sap of my May garden, how well
The green September globes will tell.

Also my pear tree has its buds,
But they are silver yellow,
Like autumn meadows when the floods
Are silver under willow,
And here shall long and shapely pears

Be gathered while the autumn wears.

And there are sixty daffodils
Beneath my wall....
And jealousy it is that kills
This world when all
The spring's behaviour here is spent
To make the world magnificent.

From The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Tides*, by John Drinkwater



A handwritten signature of Edward Elgar in cursive script, with a long horizontal line extending from the end.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR

Project Gutenberg's *Contemporary Composers*, by Daniel Gregory Mason

The most inspiring chapters of musical history are those that tell of the struggles of great men, spurred by the desire for free, sincere, and personal speech, to wrest the musical language out of the triteness long conventional usage has given it; to make it say something new; to add, so to speak, to the impersonal organ chord it sounds an overtone of their particular human voices. This is what stirs us when we think of Beethoven, after he had written two symphonies in the style of Haydn and Mozart, finding himself at the opening of "a new road," leading he knew not whither, but irresistibly summoning him; of Gluck, at fifty, protesting against the hollowness of the Italian operas he had been writing up to that time; of Franck, still older, finding at last the secret of that vague, groping, mystical harmonic style he made so peculiarly his own. Men dread liberty, says Bernard Shaw, because of the bewildering responsibility it imposes and the uncommon alertness it demands; no wonder that they acclaim as truly great only those artists who fully accept this responsibility and successfully display this alertness. And it may be suggested that the more conventional, and therefore paralyzing to personal initiative, the style from which the artist takes his departure, the more alertness does he require, and the more credit does he deserve if he arrives at freedom. If this be true, Sir Edward Elgar, who, starting at English oratorio, has arrived at the cosmopolitan yet completely individual musical speech of the first

Symphony, the Variations, and parts of "The Dream of Gerontius," is surely one of the great men of our time.

For nothing, not even stark crudity, is so unfavorable to artistic life as the domination by a conventional formalism like that of the Handel-Mendelssohn school from which Elgar had to start. It may take a great artist like Dvořák or Verdi to build an art on the naïvetés of Bohemian folk-song or the banalities of Italian opera; but to free an art from the tyranny of drowsy custom, as Elgar has done, requires not only a great artist, but something of a revolutionary.

Elgar is English in character, but cosmopolitan in sympathies, style, and workmanship. In other words, while retaining the personal and racial quality natural to all sincere art, he has been magnanimous, intelligent, and unconventional enough to break through the charmed circle of insularity which has kept so many English composers from vital contact with the world. Such insularity cannot but be fatal to art. It is bad enough when it confines the artist to narrow native models. It is even worse when, ignoring native music of the finest quality, such as that of Purcell, it follows blindly, through timidity or inertia, traditions imported by foreigners of inferior grade. Generations of English musicians have stultified themselves in imitating Handel's burly ponderousness and Mendelssohn's somewhat vapid elegance. They have turned a deaf ear, not only to the greater contemporaries of these idols—to Bach and to Schumann—but also to the more modern thought of Wagner, Franck, Tschaikowsky, and Brahms. They have been correct and respectable in an art which lives only through intense personal emotion. They have narrowed their sympathies. They have been national in an age of dawning internationalism.

Elgar, on the contrary, together with a few others whose work deserves to be better known than it is, has had the courage to aspire to a cosmopolitan breadth of style. He has made up for the lack of what are called "educational advantages" by something far more valuable—an insatiable intellectual curiosity. Self-taught except for a few violin lessons in youth, he has been all his life a tireless listener, observer, and student. When he was a boy, having no text-books on musical form, he wrote a whole symphony in imitation of Mozart's in G minor, "following the leader" with admirable and fruitful docility. As a youth he would play violin, at the last desk oftentimes, in any orchestra to which he could gain admission, for the sake of the experience; and between rehearsals would laboriously collate the instrumental parts to find out why a certain passage sounded well or ill. He would travel two hundred and fifty miles to London, from his home in Worcester, to hear a Crystal Palace Saturday concert, returning late at night. Knowing well that any potent individuality like his own grows by what it assimilates, he has had none of the small man's fear of injuring by the study of others his "individuality." The internal evidence of his works shows that there are few modern scores he has left unpondered; yet no living composer has a more unmistakably personal style than his.

His intellectual activity has by no means confined itself to music. He has always been an omnivorous reader. And while much of this reading naturally proceeded in desultory fashion, for the sake of relaxation, and took him sometimes as far afield as Froissart, the fourteenth-century French chronicler, as suggested by his early overture of that name, he has never lost the power of concentration, and can study a book to as good purpose as a score. His analytic notes to his symphonic study "Falstaff" (1913) reveal a surprisingly detailed knowledge both of Shakespeare and of Shakespeare's commentators. Science also interests him, and for some years his hobby was scientific kite-flying. He is of the nervously irritable temperament so often coupled with mental alertness, walks about restlessly while conversing, and detests all routine work like teaching. "To teach the right pupil was a pleasure," he once said, "but teaching in general was to me like turning a grindstone with a dislocated shoulder." In 1889 he married, gave up most of his teaching, and moved to London. Since then he has lived partly among his native Malvern Hills, partly near London, but has devoted himself almost entirely to

composing and conducting.

Elgar's whole life has thus been a gradual and progressive self-emancipation from the limitations of inherited style, an escape from habit to initiative, from formality to eloquence, from insularity to cosmopolitanism. Nor has this progress been the less inspiring in that it has been spasmodic, subject to interruptions, and never complete. In that respect it shares the lovable imperfection of all things human. It has been instinctive rather than reasoned, has proceeded largely by trial and error, and has counted among its experiments almost as many failures as successes. There are commonplace pages in almost everything Elgar has written, unless it be the "Enigma" Variations. But the important point is that however much, in moments of technical inattention or emotional indifference, he may fall back into the formulæ of his school, he has at his best left them far behind, and made himself the peer of his greatest continental contemporaries in wealth and variety of expression—of such men as Strauss in Germany and d'Indy in France.

What are these never-quite-ejected formulæ, lurking in Elgar's brain, ever ready to guide his pen when for a moment he forgets to think and feel? If we look at the opening chorus of "The Black Knight," written in 1893, and numbered opus 25, we shall get a working notion of them (Figure X, page 102).



Figure X.

Opening chorus from "The Black Knight."

https://www.gutenberg.org/files/56593/56593-h/music/score_p102.mp3

[Listen]

How this passage calls up the atmosphere of the typical English choral festival: the unwieldy masses of singers, the scarcely less unwieldy orchestra or organ, the ponderous movement of the music, half majestic, half tottering, as of a drunken elephant, the well-meaning ineptitude of the expression, highly charged with good nature but innocent of nuance! There is the solid diatonic harmony, conscientiously divided between the four equally industrious parts. There is the thin disguising of the tendency of this hymn-tune type of harmony to sit down, so to speak, on the accent of each measure, by a few conventional suspensions. There is the attempt to give the essentially stagnant melody a specious air of busyness by putting in a triplet here and a dot or short rest there. And there is the sing-song phraseology by which a phrase of four measures follows a phrase of four measures as the night the day. In short, there is the perfectly respectable production of music by the yard, on the most approved pattern, undistorted by a breath of personal feeling or imagination.

How far Elgar, whenever his imagination is stirred, can get away from this conventional vacuity, even without departing materially from its general idiom, may as well be shown at once, for the sake of the

illuminating contrast, by the quotation of a bit of genuine Elgar—the "Nimrod" in the "Enigma" Variations, opus 36 (1899).



Figure XI.

"Nimrod," from the "Enigma Variations."

https://www.gutenberg.org/files/56593/56593-h/music/score_p104.mp3

[Listen]

This touching tribute to a friend of the composer, Mr. A. J. Jaeger (the English equivalent of whose name, hunter, suggested the title), has all the serious thoughtfulness, the tenderness coupled with aspiration, the noble plainness, that belong to Elgar at his best. And it is a striking fact that the originality of the passage (for no one but Elgar could have written it) is due to subtle, almost unanalyzable qualities in the mode of composition rather than to any unusual features of style. The harmonic style, indeed, is quite the same simple diatonic one as that of "The Black Knight" chorus, showing that, in music as in literature, noble poetry can be made from the same materials as doggerel. There is the same predominance of simple triads and seventh chords, especially the more rugged sevenths, for which Elgar has a noticeable fondness; the same frequent use of suspensions, though here it is dictated by emotion rather than by custom; the same restless motion of the bass, one of the hall-marks of Elgar's style. The melody, however, shows a tendency to large leaps, often of a seventh, in alternating directions, giving its line a sharply serrated profile. This, it may be noted, is also one of the outstanding features of his more personal thought. But above all should be observed the rhythmic flexibility that here takes the place of sing-song—the free sweep of the line, scorning to rest on the accents, soaring through its long continuous flight like a bird in a favoring gale.

We have here, then, the vein of expression at once plain, serious, and noble, which makes Elgar at his best both English and universal. It recurs frequently throughout the whole body of his work: in the "Go forth" chorus in "Gerontius," so finely used in the prelude; in the theme of the Variations; in the fundamental theme of the first Symphony, which dominates the entire work and in which Elgar reaches perhaps his most exalted utterance; in the themes of the slow movement of the same symphony; and in another way in the Prince Hal theme of "Falstaff." Some may feel that this is the essential Elgar. Yet there is also in this quiet Englishman a passionate mysticism, a sense of subtle spiritual experience, which has urged him to develop progressively quite another mode of musical speech. On this side he is related to Wagner and to César Franck. Like them he has realized that there is a whole range of feeling, inaccessible to the diatonic system of harmony, that can be suggested by harmony based on the chromatic scale, and even more vividly and subtly by a harmonic system that opens up a path between all the keys, that makes them all available together—by what we may call, in short, "polytonal" harmony. This polytonal harmonic system is common to "Tristan und Isolde," to Franck's "Les Béatitudes," to much of Chopin, and to many parts of "The Dream of Gerontius," however much they

may differ in other respects.

Elgar began early to experiment in this direction. Even in "The Black Knight," for example, at the word "rock" in the lines

When he rode into the lists
The castle 'gan to rock,

we have the following progression, equally striking from the musical and the dramatic point of view:

figure xii

Figure XII.

From "The Black Knight."

[Listen]

This is what Mr. Carl W. Grimm has well named a "modulating sequence"; that is, each unit group of harmony (in this case a measure in length) is the sequential repetition of the preceding, yet the chromatic texture is so managed that each begins in a new key; the total effect is thus much more novel and exciting than is that of the traditional monotonal sequence. Yet, as Mr. Stillman-Kelley has pointed out in a closely reasoned essay,[20] however ingenious may be the arrangement of the modulating sequence on the harmonic side, it is liable to the same fault that besets the monotonal sequence—that is, rhythmic monotony. Once we have the pattern, we know what to expect; and if the composer gives us exactly what we expect the effect is too obvious, and we are bored. It is precisely by his avoidance of this literal repetition, says Mr. Kelley, that Wagner, in such a modulating sequence as that of the Pilgrims' Chorus, maintains both the rhythmic and the harmonic vitality of the music.

Judged by the standard thus suggested, the sequence on the word "rock" is seen to be too literally carried out. The pattern is applied with the mechanical regularity of a stencil, necessarily with an equally mechanical result. It must be said in the interest of just criticism that Elgar frequently falls into this fault. Even Gerontius' cry of despair, so magnificently developed by the orchestra, contains less of subtle variety than is given to that curiously similar cry of Amfortas in "Parsifal" by the "inversion" of the parts, while the priest's adjuration to his departing soul[21] and the chorus afterward based on it, become irritatingly monotonous through the literal repetition of a pattern admirable in itself. At the beginning of the Development in the first movement of the second Symphony there is a passage illustrating the same fault. The tonal and harmonic coloring here are singularly impressive, and quite original; as Mr. Ernest Newman remarks in his analysis:[22] "A new and less sunny cast has come over the old themes.... The harmonies have grown more mysterious; the scoring is more veiled; the dynamics are all on a lower scale." Everything favors, in fact, a most impressive effect except the structure; but that, through its over-literal application of the modulating sequence, almost jeopardizes the whole.

imp110

Figure XIII.

In the Mountain,—Night. From "The Apostles."

[Listen]

Fortunately, however, happier applications of this harmonically so fruitful device are not far to seek in Elgar's scores, especially the later ones. The following theme from "The Apostles," appropriately marked "mistico," is a fine example of the kind of mysticism that is not unmindful of the needs of the body and of the intelligence as well as of the soul. The principle is still that of the modulating sequence, but the application is here not mechanical but freely imaginative. Two of the one-measure units are in each phrase balanced by a unit twice as long, so that the rhythm is as a whole far more organic than in our earlier examples of sequences. Furthermore the purely harmonic treatment makes use of unforeseeable relations, so that the effect of stereotype is successfully evaded. Finally, here is a theme from the second symphony in which the sequential principle is still further veiled, so far as harmony is concerned. The harmonic progressions seem here to "shoot," so to speak, with complete spontaneity; we cannot anticipate whither the next move will take us, and we get constantly to interesting new places; yet the unity of the whole, beginning and ending in E-flat[23], prevents any sense of aimless wandering.



Figure XIV.

Theme from Symphony No. 2.

https://www.gutenberg.org/files/56593/56593-h/music/score_p111.mp3

[Listen]

The alert student will probably still feel, nevertheless, perhaps without being able to account in any way for his impression, that even in these last excerpts there is an unsatisfactory element, a something that keeps them on a lower level of art, for all their opaline color, than that of the forthright and transparent "Nimrod." This something, perhaps on the whole Elgar's most ineradicable fault, is rhythmical "short breath." He gets away from it, to be sure, in all his finest pages; but except when his imagination is deeply stirred his melodic line shows the dangerous tendency to fall into short segments, a measure or two in length, into a configuration of scallops, so to speak, rather than wide sweeps, exemplified in the three last illustrations. Instead of flying, it hops. Examples will be found right through his works, from the second theme of the early overture "Froissart" to that of the first movement of the Violin Concerto, opus 61.

imp112

Figure XV.

Second theme from "Froissart."

[Listen]

imp113

Second theme of first movement of Violin Concerto.

[Listen]

This kind of sing-songiness is as fatal to noble rhythm in music as it is in poetry—in much of Longfellow, for example; and the frequency with which Elgar relapses into it suggests that he has some of the same fatal facility, the tendency to talk without thinking, which so often kept the American poet below his best. The parallel might be carried out, if it were worth while, in some detail. Both men wrote too much, and both are "popular" in the bad sense as well as the good. The "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches are saved, despite the frequent triteness of their melody, by their buoyant high spirits; but of the vapid and sentimental "Salut d'Amour," which has sold in the thousands and been arranged for all possible combinations of instruments, including two mandolins and a guitar, the less said the better. Yet it is noteworthy that the very tendency to an over-obvious, monotonous rhythmic scheme which works for the popularity of a small piece with the thoughtless and trivial-minded, works against it in the case of a larger composition which appeals to the musically serious, and wins its way gradually at best. Thus Elgar's second symphony, which suffers much more from this besetting fault than the first, has been less popular for that very reason. Statistics are significant in such cases. The second symphony was played twenty-seven times before it was three years old, a considerable number for so serious a work[24]; but the first, called by Nikisch "Brahms's Fifth," a compliment which could be paid to few other modern symphonies without absurdity, achieved the almost incredible record of eighty-two performances in its first year, in such widely scattered places as London, Vienna, Berlin, Leipsic, Bonn, St. Petersburg, Buda-Pest, Toronto, Sydney, and the United States.[25]

Of course it is not intended to account for the wide favor accorded this symphony by adducing so technical a matter, from one point of view, as its comparative freedom from a rhythmic weakness to which its composer is unfortunately peculiarly subject. What is meant is simply that sing-song balance of short phrases is often a symptom of superficial feeling, and that, per contra, elastic, vigorous, and imaginative rhythms are a constant result, and therefore a reliable evidence, of the emotional ardor that makes a piece of music live. The A-flat Symphony is a work intensely felt by the composer, a work that, coming from his heart, finds its way to the hearts of others. And in this respect, in its emotional sincerity, earnestness, and subjectivity, it differs from his other works more in degree than in kind. For in everything Elgar writes there is the preoccupation with inner feeling which we find in such a composer as Schumann, but from which most of our contemporaries have turned away. Elgar is an introspective musician, not an externally observant tone-painter like Strauss. It is noteworthy how completely his treatment of death, for example, in "The Dream of Gerontius," differs from that of Strauss in "Tod und Verklärung." By no means accidental is it, but highly significant of the opposed attitudes of the two artists, that while Strauss emphasizes the external picture—the panting breath, the choking cries—Elgar penetrates to the inward emotional state. He has written surprisingly little program music. Aside from a few realistic touches scattered through the choral works, and the delicate little vignette of the friend at sea in the "Enigma" Variations, there is only "Falstaff"—and that deals more with character than with picture. In this respect Elgar deserves well of his contemporaries for standing against a popular but dangerous tendency to externalize the most inward of the arts, and for showing that even in the twentieth century the spiritual drama set forth in a work of pure music, like his first symphony, can be as thrilling as those that have made immortal Beethoven's later quartets and sonatas.

That this attitude indicates a preference rather than a limitation is proved by the felicity of the external characterization in passages scattered all through the choral works, as for instance the setting of the line "The castle 'gan to rock," cited above, from the "Black Knight," the music of the devils in "Gerontius,"

or the scene in "The Apostles" where Peter walks upon the water, and even more strikingly in "Falstaff," the composer's single contribution to program music. Here he frankly takes the Straussian attitude, and skilfully uses the Straussian methods. Leading themes, as he tells us in his analysis,[26] depict the fat knight, one "in a green old age, mellow, frank, gay, easy, corpulent, loose, unprincipled, and luxurious" (a); another "cajoling and persuasive" (b); and a third in his mood of "boastfulness and colossal mendacity" (c).

imp117a

Figure XVI.

Three of the "Falstaff" themes.

[Listen]

imp117b

(b)

[Listen]

imp117c

(c) Grandioso e largamente

[Listen]

These portraits evidently belong to the same gallery as Strauss's Don Quixote, Sancho Panza (cf. the first quotation), Till Eulenspiegel, and others; they are sketched in the same suggestive and telling lines; in the third there is even the same touch of caricature. The picture of Eastcheap, too, where, "among ostlers and carriers, and drawers, and merchants, and pilgrims and loud robustious women, Falstaff has freedom and frolic," has something of the German composer's brilliant externality. It should, as Elgar says in his notes, and it does, "chatter, blaze, glitter, and coruscate." Yet, vivid as all this is, even here from time to time, notably in the two "interludes," the composer characteristically withdraws from the turbulent outer world he has conjured up, to brood upon its spiritual meaning; and it is noteworthy that after stating in his analysis that "some lines quoted from the plays are occasionally placed under the themes to indicate the feeling to be conveyed by the music," he immediately adds, "but it is not intended that the meaning of the music, often varied and intensified, shall be narrowed to a corollary of these quotations only." This intensification arises, of course, through the universalizing of all the particulars by the power of music to express pure emotion.

The same instinctive leaning to introspection is curiously shown in the Enigma Variations.[27] "I have in the Variations," writes Elgar in a private letter, "sketched portraits of my friends—a new idea, I think—that is, in each variation I have looked at the theme through the personality (as it were) of another Johnny." The idea was not indeed quite new, however originally applied, as Schumann had already sketched a number of his friends in the "Carnaval." But what is of much greater import is that Schumann and Elgar, both introspective temperaments, go about this business of portrait painting in the same characteristic way—not by recording the external aspects of these "other Johnnies," but by sympathetically putting themselves at their points of view and becoming, so to speak, the spokesmen of their souls. The tender intimateness of Elgar's interpretations is their supreme charm. Whatever the character portrayed, whether the tender grace of C. A. E. (Lady Elgar), the caprice of H. D. S-P., the virile energy of W. M. B., the gossamer delicacy of Dorabelle, or the nobility of "Nimrod," we feel in each case that we have for the moment really got inside the personality, and looked at the world along

that unique perspective. Even in the indescribably lovely Romanza, Variation XIII, calling up the thought of a friend at sea, though programistic devices are used, the spirit looks away from externalities. Violas in a quietly undulating rhythm suggest the ocean expanse; an almost inaudible tremolo of the drum gives us the soft throb of the engines; a quotation from Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," in the dreamy tones of the clarinet, completes the story. Yet "story" it is not—and there is the subtlety of it. Dim sea and dream-like steamer are only accessories after all. The thought of the distant friend, the human soul there, is what gently disengages itself as the essence of the music.

In his two symphonies the composer gives us even less encouragement to search for detailed programs. It is true that the second bears the motto from Shelley:

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight.

But it will be observed, first, that these lines contain no pictorial images which would prevent their application to the most purely emotional music—a symphony of Beethoven, for example; and second, that even their emotional bearing is somewhat ambiguous, as we are left in doubt whether it is the Spirit of Delight itself, or the rareness of its visitations, that we are asked to consider. Mr. Ernest Newman thinks the former, and finds in the symphony the "jocundity and sweetness" which characterize English music from the earliest times. We read in the Musical Times,[28] however, that there is "some disagreement ... with the composer's own opinion that it is on a totally different psychological plane from that of the first symphony, and represents a more serene mood," although the writer adds that "it is unquestionable that the themes, even in the slow movement, speak of a lighter heart and more tranquil emotions." If there is thus room for doubt even as to the emotional content of the work, no attempt to read into it a "story" is likely to be successful. Even Mr. Newman, programist à outrance, is forced in this case to the admission that "though practically every musical work of any emotional value must start from this basis [of the composer's life-experience],[29] the connection of it with the external world or with the symbols of the literary and plastic arts may range through many degrees of vagueness or precision, according to the psychological build of the composer."

Coming now at last to Elgar's masterpiece, the Symphony[30] in A-flat, No. 1, opus 55, first performed under Dr. Hans Richter at Manchester and at London in December, 1908, we find Elgar's method at its purest—the preoccupation with spiritual states and experiences is complete. It is true that this may be the symphony upon which he was reported nine years earlier to be at work, and which was to bear the title "Gordon." If this is the case it shows only that he was moved to musical expression by the heroism of the great Englishman, as Beethoven was by that of Napoleon before it transpired that he was a tyrant. The A-flat Symphony is not for that reason any more program music than Beethoven's "Eroica." The two are indeed similar in being throughout profound searchings of the human spirit, highly dramatic in the vividness of their introspection, but never realistic. They penetrate to a level far deeper than that of action; they deal with the emotional springs of action; we may even say that each suggests a philosophy, since the philosophies, too, are born of those deep inarticulate emotional attitudes toward life which only music can voice in their purity.

This fundamental attitude is in the A-flat Symphony far more mature and chastened than that of the ebulliently youthful "Eroica." If we wished to find its analogue in Beethoven (and it is a high compliment to Elgar to say that there are few other places we could find it) we should have to go rather to the Ninth Symphony and to the later sonatas and quartets. It is in essence the attitude of religious resignation, and has as its constituents the primary opposition between the ideal and reality, the disappointment, softening, and impersonalizing of the soul by experience, the reciprocal activity of the

soul winning its values out of experience, and the final reconciliation between them. Of course it is not meant that these ideas are intellectually formulated in the music. It is simply that the music expresses the emotional states that accompany such universal human experiences, and thus suggests and at the same time by its beauty transfigures them.

The noble melody in A-flat major with which the symphony starts, recurring in the finale, and indeed the nucleus of the whole work, suggests aspiration, resolute will, the quest of the Ideal. Everything about it,—its steady movement, its simple, strong harmonic basis, its finely flexible rhythm, notably free from the short breath of the composer's less exalted moments, even its rich and yet quiet tonality of A-flat major, raises it into a rarefied atmosphere of its own, above the turmoil of everyday life. With the theme in D minor marked *Allegro appassionato*, on the contrary, we are brought rudely down to earth, with all its confusion, its chaos, its meaningless accidents (note the constant feverish motion of the bass, the phantasmagoric nightmare harmonies at index letter 7, the increasing restlessness of the whole passage). Presently more poignant or tender phrases (10 and 11) suggest the longing of the spirit for the sweet reasonableness of the lost ideal world, and at 12, in the "second theme" in F major, we do get for a moment a breathing interval of peace. The beautiful, tender phrase, as of divine pity, beginning in the fourth measure of 11 and ushering in this theme, should be especially noticed for its deep expressiveness and its complete originality. This "phrase of pity," as we shall see, is destined to play an important part in the structure of the movement. Soon earlier fragments return, reintroducing the restless mood, the intensity of the feeling steadily grows, and at 17 we have a magnificent climax in which the "phrase of pity," much slower and more emphatic than before, suggests the first crisis of the struggle.

With the return of the theme of the ideal, now in C major (18) and in tentative accents, begins the long and complex development of the themes. We need not go into detail here, further than to remark that the strange, devious new theme at 24 seems almost to have some concrete "meaning," undisclosed by the composer, and introduces the most baffling element we find anywhere in the symphony. The development proceeds much upon it. At 32 begins the recapitulation of themes of the orthodox sonata-form, treated freely and with many interesting modifications. The climax recurs at 44, now impressively amplified. Even finer is the gradual but irresistible return of the fundamental theme, the "Ideal," and its triumphant statement through 49, 50, and 51. The sinister, groping theme returns, however, seeming to darken the atmosphere as when clouds come over the sun. The "Ideal" theme is heard in faltering, uncertain accents, and reaches, just before 55, a timid cadence on the tone C. Now comes one of the most exquisite things, not only in this symphony, but in modern music. While the clarinet holds this C, reached in the original key of A-flat major, the muted strings, high and tenuous, in the remote key of A minor, like voices from another world, gently breathe the "phrase of pity." It is magical. With fine dignity of pace they reach the tone C, whereupon we are again quietly but conclusively brought back to A-flat, and with a single plucked bass note the chord of the clarinets sinks to silence (Figure XVII, page 128).

The two middle movements of the symphony, *Allegro molto* (the scherzo) and *Adagio*, are played without intervening pause and conceived together. From the point of view both of form and of content their treatment is of exceeding interest. Structurally they are an inset between the first movement and the finale, contrasting sharply with them in key as well as in melodic material, embodying as they do the "sharp" keys (F-sharp minor and D major) in opposition to the A-flat major and D minor of the others. After this inset has been completed, the earlier themes and keys return in the finale and round out the cycle projected by the first movement. Thus the symphony as a whole consists of two interlocking systems—a scheme of structure which gives it both variety and unity in the highest degree.

imp128

Figure XVII.

End of first movement, First Symphony.

[Listen]

The scherzo begins with a racing, eagerly hurrying theme, staccato, in the violins, in the fastest possible tempo. Together with a more vigorous, barbarically insistent tune to which it presently (59) gives place, it seems a musical expression of the forward-looking, all-conquering spirit of youth. These themes are separately elaborated, are displaced for a while by a quieter Trio, and finally return with renewed vigor, and at last in combination (75). And now, as coda, comes one of the most remarkable passages of the Symphony. The racing theme returns (82), but now pianissimo, mysterious, shorn of its pristine exuberance. It hesitates, halts, seems to lose faith in itself. It reappears in the more sombre key of F minor, instead of F-sharp minor, and with abated pace (84). A little later it sobers to a still quieter movement, in eighth notes (86), then (87) to quarter notes, and at last (90) the clarinets give it out in a movement eight times slower than the original headlong dash. Indeed, the rhythm seems about to fail entirely when, with a change of key to D major, and of time to Adagio, we hear the identical notes of the original theme, sung now with broad deliberation by the violins, completely transfigured in meaning.

Thus begins the slow movement with the coming of maturity, the taming of the blood, the sadness of self-acquaintance no longer to be postponed. The excitement of unlimited possibilities gives place to the sober recognition of limitations. Poignant grief there is here, unanswered questioning, moments of passionate despair. But with the beautiful and thoroughly Elgarian theme at 96 begins to creep in the spirit of resignation to the inevitable, and of divine pity for human failure, born of this bitter self-discovery. From this point on is heard unmistakably the deeper note of religious consolation, reaching full expression at last in the melody marked *Molto espressivo e sostenuto*, one of the noblest, profoundest, and most spiritual that Elgar has conceived, with which the movement ends.

The finale opens with a slow introduction, intended partly to direct our attention back to the first movement and partly to forecast the strains destined to complete the cycle which it began. We hear the mysterious groping theme first heard in its development and fragments of the "Ideal." Especial emphasis is laid, however, on a march-like tune, given out by bassoons and low strings at the sixth measure, and on an aspiring phrase for clarinet (measures 10-11) peculiar to the present movement. The prevailing mood here, both in the main theme with its emphatic interlocking rhythms (the opening *Allegro*) and in the second theme at 114, with its buoyant triplets recalling the finale of Brahms's third symphony, is energetic will. This seems to merge in jubilant achievement in the march-like theme of the introduction at its reëntrance at 118. For a moment, to be sure, doubt as to this triumph seems to be suggested by a rather halting version of the "Ideal" (129) and by a pondering version of the march theme (130). But with the return of the main themes of the movement at its recapitulation, beginning at 134 and now inflected towards A-flat, the radical tonality of the whole symphony, the mood of vigorous volition revives, and from now on to the splendid reassertion, by the full orchestra, in its richest sonorities, of the theme of the "Ideal," all is one long climax.

It is hard to see how any candid student can deny the greatness of this symphony. If only for the stoutness of its structure, the grasp with which the fundamental principles of musical form are seized, however the details have to be modified to suit the occasion, and for the richness and variety of its treatment of orchestral coloring, it would hold a conspicuous place among modern orchestral works. But of course these things are only means; the end of music is expression. It is, then, to the fact that the

symphony gives eloquent voice to some of the deepest, most sacred, and most elusive of human feelings that we must attribute its real importance. That it does this at a time when most musicians are looking outward rather than inward, and incline to value sensuous beauty above thought, and vividness above profundity, gives us all the more reason for receiving it with gratitude, and finding in it a good omen for the future.

FOOTNOTES:

[20] "Recent Developments in Musical Theory," by Edgar Stillman-Kelley. The Musical Courier, July 1 and 8, 1908.

[21] Vocal score, page 39.

[22] Musical Times, London, May 1, 1911.

[23] Is not Mr. Newman mistaken in stating that this theme begins in G major?

[24] Musical Times, January, 1914.

[25] Musical Times, January, 1909.

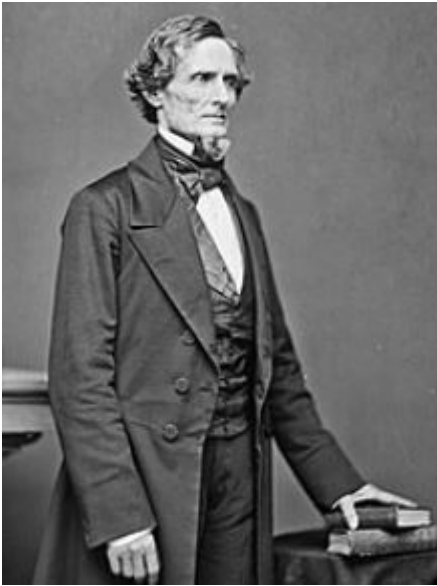
[26] Musical Times, September, 1913.

[27] Arranged for piano by the composer. Novello, Ewer, and Company, London.

[28] July, 1911.

[29] This premise, which Mr. Newman expands as if it bore directly on the problem of program music, though true to the verge of truism, hardly helps us to solve that problem. The question, it may be said once again, concerns not the composer's stimulus, but his method; whether, that is, he works through the suggestion of external object or of inner emotional states.

[30] Arrangement for piano by S. Karg-Elert. Novello, Ewer, and Company.



Jefferson Davis

SPEECH AT BELFAST ENCAMPMENT.

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About the o'clock the troops at the encampment being under arms, Col. Davis was escorted to the ground and reviewed them. He was then introduced to the troops by Gen. Cushman, as follows--

Officers and fellow soldiers, I introduce to you Col. Jefferson Davis, an eminent citizen of Mississippi,--a man, and I say a hero, who has, in the service of his country, been among and faced hostile guns.

Col. Davis replied as follows--

CITIZEN SOLDIERS:--I feel pleased and gratified at the exhibition I have witnessed of the military spirit and instruction of the volunteer militia of Maine. I acknowledge the compliment which has been paid to me, and I welcome it as the indication of the liberality and national sentiment which makes the militia of each State the effective, as they are the constitutional defenders of our whole country.

To one who loves his country in all its parts, it is natural to rejoice in whatever contributes to the prosperity and honor, and marks the stability and progress of any portion of its people. I therefore look upon the evidence presented to me of the soldierly enthusiasm and military acquirements displayed on this occasion, with none the less pleasure because I am the citizen of another and distant State. It was not the policy of our government to maintain large armies or navies in time of peace. The history of our past wars established the fact that it was not needful to do so. The militia had been found equal to all the emergencies of war. Their patriotism, their intelligence, their knowledge of the use of arms, had given to them all the efficiency of veterans, and on many bloody fields they have shown their superiority over the disciplined troops of their enemies. A people morally and intellectually equal to self-government, must also be equal in self-defence. My friends, your worthy General has alluded to my connection with the military service of the country. The memory arose to myself when the troops this day marched past me, and when I looked upon their manly bearing and firm step. I thought could I have seen them thus

approaching the last field of battle on which I served, where the changing tide several times threatened disaster to the American flag, with what joy I would have welcomed those striped and starred banners, the emblem and the guide of the free and the brave, and with what pride would the heart have beaten when welcoming the danger's hour, brethren from so remote an extremity of our expanded territory.

One of the evidences of the fraternal confidence and mutual reliance of our fathers was to be found in their compact or mutual protection and common defence. So long as their sons preserve the spirit and appreciate the purpose of their fathers, the United States will remain invincible, their power will grow with the lapse of time, and their example show brighter and brighter as revolving ages roll over the temple our fathers dedicated to constitutional liberty, and founded upon truths announced to their sons, but intended for mankind. I thank you, citizen soldiers, for this act of courtesy. It will long and gratefully be remembered, as a token of respect to the distant State of which I am a citizen, and I trust will be noted by others, as indicating that national sentiment which made, and which alone can preserve us a nation.



A. Smith

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<https://librivox.org/the-wealth-of-nations-book-1-by-adam-smith/>

Adam Smith was born June 5, 1723, at Kirkaldy, in the county of Fife, where his father held the place of comptroller of the customs. Being a posthumous and only child, he became the sole object of his widowed

mother's tenderness and solicitude; and this was increased by the delicacy of his constitution. Upon her devolved the sole charge of his education; and the value of her care may be estimated from the uninterrupted harmony and deep mutual affection which united them, unchilled, to the end of life. He was remarkable for his love of reading and the excellence of his memory, even at the early age when she first placed him at the grammar-school of Kirkaldy, where he won the affection of his companions by his amiable disposition, though the weakness of his frame hindered him from joining in their sports.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to the University of Glasgow, from which, at the end of three years, he was removed to Baliol College, Oxford, in order to qualify himself for taking orders in the English Church. Mathematics and natural philosophy seem to have been his favourite pursuits at Glasgow; but at Oxford he devoted all his leisure hours to belles-lettres, and the moral and political sciences. Among these political economy cannot be reckoned; for at that period it was unknown even in name: still, in such studies, and by the sedulous improvement of his understanding, he was laying the foundations of his immortal work. He remained seven years at Oxford, without conceiving, as may be inferred from some passages in the 'Wealth of Nations,' any high respect for the system of education then pursued in the University; and, having given up all thoughts of taking orders, he returned to his mother's house at Kirkaldy, and devoted himself entirely to literature and science. In 1748 he removed to Edinburgh, where, under Lord Kames's patronage, he delivered a course of lectures on rhetoric and belles-lettres. These were never published; and, with other papers, were destroyed by Smith a short time before his death. Dr. Blair, in the well-known course which he delivered ten years afterwards on the same subject, acknowledges how greatly he was indebted to his predecessor, and how largely he had borrowed from him.

In 1751 Mr. Smith was elected Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow, and in the following year he was transferred to the chair of Moral Philosophy, which he filled during thirteen years. The following account of his lectures is given by Professor Millar. "His course of lectures on this subject was divided into four parts. The first contained natural theology, in which he considered the proofs of the being and attributes of God, and those principles of the human mind upon which religion is founded. The second comprehended ethics, strictly so called, and consisted chiefly of the doctrines which he afterwards published in his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments.' In the third part he treated more at length of that branch of morality which relates to justice, and which, being susceptible of precise and accurate rules, is for that reason capable of a full and particular explanation.... In the last part of his lectures he examined those political regulations which are founded, not on the principle of justice, but on that of expediency, and which are calculated to increase the riches, the power, and the prosperity of a state. Under this view, he considered the political

institutions relating to commerce, to finances, to ecclesiastical and military establishments. What he delivered on these subjects contained the substance of the work he afterwards published under the title of ‘An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.’”

“There was no situation in which the abilities of Dr. Smith appeared to greater advantage than as a professor. In delivering his lectures, he trusted almost entirely to extemporary elocution. His manner, though not graceful, was plain and unaffected; and as he seemed to be always interested in the subject, he never failed to interest his hearers. Each discourse consisted of several distinct propositions, which he successively endeavoured to prove and to illustrate. These propositions, when announced in general terms, had, from their extent, not unfrequently something of the air of a paradox. In his attempts to explain them, he often appeared at first not to be sufficiently possessed of the subject, and spoke with some hesitation. As he advanced, however, the matter seemed to crowd upon him, his manner became warm and animated, and his expression easy and fluent. In points susceptible of controversy, you could easily discern that he secretly conceived an opposition to his opinions, and that he was led upon this account to support them with greater energy and vehemence. By the fulness and variety of his illustrations, the subject gradually swelled in his hands, and acquired a dimension which, without a tedious repetition of the same views, was calculated to seize the attention of his audience, and to afford them pleasure as well as instruction in following the same object through all the diversity of shades and aspects in which it was presented, and afterwards in tracing it backwards to that original proposition or general truth from which this beautiful train of speculation had proceeded.”

“His reputation as a professor was accordingly raised very high, and a multitude of students from a great distance resorted to the University merely upon his account. Those branches of science which he taught became fashionable at this place, and his opinions were the chief topics of discussion in clubs and literary societies. Even the small peculiarities in his pronunciation or manner of speaking became frequently the objects of imitation.”

Smith published his ‘Theory of Moral Sentiments’ in 1759. The fundamental principle of this work, we use the summary of Mr. Macculloch, is that “_sympathy_ forms the real foundation of morals; that we do not immediately approve or disapprove of any given action, when we have become acquainted with the intention of the agent and the consequences of what he has done, but that we previously enter, by means of that sympathetic affection which is natural to us, into the feelings of the agent, and those to whom the action relates; that having considered all the motives and passions by which the agent was actuated, we pronounce, with respect to the _propriety_ or _impropriety_ of the action, according as we sympathise or not with him; while we pronounce,

with respect to the _merit_ or _demerit_ of the action, according as we sympathise with the gratitude or resentment of those who were its objects; and that we necessarily judge of our own conduct by comparing it with such maxims and rules as we have deduced from observations previously made on the conduct of others.” This theory, ingenious as it is, is generally abandoned as untenable. Dr. Brown has argued, and the objection seems fatal, that though sympathy may diffuse, it cannot originate moral sentiments: at the same time he bears the strongest testimony to the literary merits and moral tendency of the work.

In 1763 Smith received from the University of Glasgow the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and he was offered, and accepted, the situation of travelling tutor to the young Duke of Buccleugh. His long residence in the populous and manufacturing metropolis of western Scotland had enabled him to collect a rich hoard of materials for the great work he had in view; and this new appointment changed the method, rather than interrupted the course, of his studies. It afforded him the means of examining the habits, institutions, and condition of man under new forms, and in new countries, and he observed with his natural acuteness and sagacity the influence of locality, of climate, and of government. He no doubt derived considerable advantage from the society of the distinguished men with whom he associated at Paris; among these, Turgot, D’Alembert, Helvetius, Marmontel, Morellet, Rochefoucauld, and Quesnay, were his intimate friends. So highly did he appreciate the talents of the last-named person as an economist, that he had intended, had Quesnay lived, to have acknowledged the debt he owed him by dedicating to him his own great work on the ‘Wealth of Nations.’

Having spent two years on the Continent, Dr. Smith returned to England with his pupil, and soon after joined his mother at Kirkcaldy, where he resided for about ten years almost entirely in seclusion, occupied in the prosecution of his great work. It was published in 1776; and few books have ever been given to the world tending more directly to destroy the prejudices, develop the powers, and promote the happiness of mankind. But the world at that time was not clear-sighted enough to appreciate its merits. Dr. Smith however had the gratification to see that, during fifteen years which elapsed between its publication and his death, it had produced a considerable effect upon public opinion, and that the eyes of men were beginning to be opened upon an object of such importance to human happiness. In this country at least Dr. Smith was the creator of the science of political economy, for he had only a chaos of materials from which to form it. Some defects may be discovered in his arrangement, and some errors detected in the principles as laid down by him; for it is hardly given to human intellect, that the originator of a science should also carry it to perfection. But Smith established the foundation upon which all future superstructures must rest; and the labours of Ricardo, Malthus, and some now living, eminent as they are, instead of superseding their predecessor do but enhance his merit. With all the progress which liberty of every kind has made since his time, no

one has maintained the freedom of industry in all its bearings more forcibly than himself. The theories of rent, and of population, seem to be the only important branches of the science, as it now stands, which had escaped his observation.

In 1778 Dr. Smith was appointed Commissioner of the Customs for Scotland. The duties of his office obliged him to quit London, where he had resided for two years subsequent to the publication of the 'Wealth of Nations,' and where his society had been courted by the most distinguished characters; and he took up his abode in Edinburgh, accompanied by his aged mother. In 1787 he was elected Rector of the University of Glasgow; a compliment which gave him great pleasure, as he was much attached to that body, and grateful for the services it had rendered him in his youth, and the honours it had conferred on him at a more advanced age.

His mother died in 1784, and his grief on this occasion is supposed to have injured his health, and his constitution, which had never been robust, began to give way. He suffered another severe privation in the death of his cousin, Miss Douglas, who had managed his household for many years, since the infirmities of his parent had disqualified her for that employment. He survived Miss Douglas only two years, and died in 1790 of a tedious and painful illness, which he bore with patience and resignation.

Adam Smith's private character is thus summed up by his friend Mr. Dugald Stewart: "The more delicate and characteristical features of his mind it is perhaps impossible to trace. That there were many peculiarities both in his manners and in his intellectual habits was manifest to the most superficial observer; but, although to those who knew him, these peculiarities detracted nothing from the respect which his abilities commanded; and although, to his intimate friends, they added an inexpressible charm to his conversation, while they displayed in the most interesting light the artless simplicity of his heart, yet it would require a very skilful pencil to present them to the public eye. He was certainly not fitted for the general commerce of the world, or for the business of active life. The comprehensive speculations with which he had been occupied from his youth, and the variety of materials which his own inventions continually supplied to his thoughts, rendered him habitually inattentive to familiar objects and to common occurrences; and he frequently exhibited instances of absence which had scarcely been surpassed by the fancy of La Bruyère. Even in company he was apt to be engrossed with his studies, and appeared, at times, by the motion of his lips, as well as by his looks and gestures, to be in the fervour of composition. I have often however been struck, at the distance of years, with his accurate memory of the most trifling particulars; and am inclined to believe, from this and some other circumstances, that he possessed a power, not perhaps uncommon among absent men, of recollecting, in consequence of subsequent efforts of

reflection, many occurrences which, at the time when they happened, did not seem to have sensibly attracted his notice.

“To the defect now mentioned, it was probably owing, in part, that he did not fall in easily with the common dialogue of conversation, and that he was somewhat apt to convey his own ideas in the form of a lecture. When he did so however, it never proceeded from a wish to engross the discourse, or gratify his vanity. His own inclination disposed him so strongly to enjoy in silence the gaiety of those around him, that his friends were often led to concert little schemes, in order to engage him in the discussions most likely to interest him. Nor do I think I shall be accused of going too far, when I say that he was scarcely ever known to start a new topic himself, or to appear unprepared upon those topics that were introduced by others. Indeed, his conversation was never more amusing than when he gave a loose to his genius, upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines.

“In his external form and appearance there was nothing uncommon. When perfectly at ease, and when warmed with conversation, his gestures were animated, and not ungraceful; and in the society of those he loved, his features were often brightened with a smile of inexpressible benignity.... He never sat for his picture, but the medallion by Tassie conveys an exact idea of his profile, and of the general expression of his countenance.” It is from this that our portrait of him is engraved.

To those of Smith's works of which we have already spoken, we have to add two articles in a short-lived periodical publication, called the 'Edinburgh Review,' for 1755, containing a review of Johnson's Dictionary, and a letter on the state of literature in the different countries of Europe; an 'Essay on the Formation of Languages;' and Essays, published after his death by his desire, with an account of his life and writings prefixed, by Dugald Stewart, on the Principles which lead and direct Philosophical Inquiries; on the nature of the Imitation practised in the Imitative Arts; on the affinity between certain English and Italian verses; and on the External Senses. To that account of his life we may refer for an able analysis of his most important writings, as well as to the memoir prefixed to Mr. Macculloch's edition of the 'Wealth of Nations,' from which this sketch is principally taken.



Robert and Clara Schumann

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Project Gutenberg's *Famous Composers and their Works*, Vol. 2, by Various

<https://archive.org/details/SchumannTraumerei>

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Every professional musician or music-loving amateur, who examines the individual influence exerted by our great masters upon himself, should always hold in especial veneration the name of Robert Schumann. What an important factor in our dearest recollections is formed by his music, whether enjoyed in great orchestral, choral or chamber concerts, or in the familiarity and reserve of our homes! In how many directions have his compositions and writings influenced our musical feeling, knowledge and taste! That which has so early endeared itself to us must necessarily remain a lifelong companion, must, indeed, become a part of our soul; and this particular corner in our musical heart occupied by Schumann constantly requires fresh recognition of that spirit, which has found expression in such an enchanting language. Schumann being, however, a true German, both personally and artistically, the essence of this spirit is not readily recognized by foreigners. What the latter admire in him, the Germans love, and if they wish to express that which in Schumann's music is worthy of their highest esteem, they use words for which it would be difficult to find an exact equivalent in the French, English or Italian languages; as for instance, *Gemüth*, *Innigkeit*, *Sinnigkeit* and *Schwärmerei*. This is particularly true in the case of his vocal compositions, which suffer in translation both poetically and musically more than similar works of any other composer and are for this reason far from being fully appreciated outside of German speaking countries. Schumann's instrumental works, on the contrary, have made his name famous wherever music has become the object of a widespread interest.

Robert Schumann's career was not rich in striking events of a general interest, but it was of a more solitary character, revealing the inward

life of a poetic dreamer whose language was to be music; of an artist who paved the way for a new and brilliant epoch of his art, who enlarged its domain, fought for its dignity, and by the splendid example of his own productions proved the possibility of his artistic creed. His works were his life; in him there was the closest union of man and artist. Just as a knowledge of his life and personal character helps us to understand his music, so the study of the latter reveals to us the man, for his works are not merely results of a natural or an acquired ability, but they form the musical history of the life of his soul.

The twenty years during which Schumann personally exerted a great influence upon the musical world cover a red-letter period of this century. Only a few years before, Beethoven, Schubert and Weber had died, closing the great epoch of the classic masters, while at the same time preparing a new one with new ideals and new prospects. In the centre of the musical world stood the masters of French and Italian opera: Auber, Halévy, Bellini, Donizetti, and soon Meyerbeer, while such men as Cherubini, Méhul and Boieldieu had already stepped into the background. Germany still had Spohr and a number of less famous composers excelling in some special field, as for instance, Marschner in opera, Lachner in song and instrumental music, Löwe in ballads and oratorios, Hummel and Moscheles in pianoforte music; but they all were far surpassed by the brilliant sun of Mendelssohn which had just risen. He, born in 1809, heads the list of those distinguished names, which opened a new epoch of our art, mainly represented beside himself by Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Franz, and their great French contemporary, Berlioz. Italian and French opera, and an exhibition of meaningless technical virtuosity, formed the general musical taste; Beethoven was neglected, Schubert hardly known; and it looks as if by some kind device of nature just in the right time a resurrection of the higher conception of art was brought about, no one assisting more in the great work than Robert Schumann. He was equipped not only with rarest creative gifts, but also with a superior intellect, a high general culture and a thorough and sincere character, which enabled him to persevere in his great undertaking with unflagging zeal. Alas! why has not nature been more kind to him? Why has not one so deserving been spared the saddest of all fates? Perhaps it was to make his memory still dearer to us, to increase our veneration for him so that even weaknesses or errors in his life or works elicit from us an honest sympathy, which increases whenever we read his many published letters or the story of his life as told by able and sympathetic writers like Wasielewski, Spitta, Reissmann, and others.

Robert Schumann was born on the 8th of June, 1810, in the town of Zwickau, Saxony. Neither his birthplace, nor his ancestry, were such as to favor an early development of his musical talent. His father, August Schumann, son of a minister, had, after a long struggle between business and poetry, finally entered into partnership with a brother as a bookseller, and became widely known as a publisher of valuable books and magazines, and besides as an author. He had a particular fondness for English poets,

such as Milton, Scott, and Byron, whose "Beppo" and "Childe Harold" he translated into German. He was a self-made man, who owed all his success to his own untiring energy. His wife, Johanna Christiana Schnabel, whom he won only after a severe struggle, was the daughter of the town-surgeon in Zeitz; she is described as an agreeable lady, of kind disposition, deep feeling and a certain romantic sentimentality, which was also a conspicuous feature of Robert's nature. Her loving care and motherly anxiety for her son is well known to all readers of young Schumann's correspondence.

Robert was the youngest of five children. His older brothers entered upon a business career, and his only sister died in her twentieth year in a state of incurable melancholy. The handsome little boy was petted by everybody and much surrounded by women. He received his education first in a popular private school, later in the public schools, receiving piano instruction from a school teacher, Baccalaureus Kuntzsch, when only six years old. Kuntzsch, who was not a professional musician, at least taught him the most indispensable elements and was held in highest esteem by Schumann till his death. Little Robert early showed a disposition to lead his playmates. One particular friend was chosen to assist in four-hand pieces and a small boys' orchestra was even formed, which Robert directed and for which he made his first efforts as a composer, without having had any theoretical instruction. There were overtures, even operatic sketches, and especially a setting of the 150th psalm for chorus and orchestra, written in Schumann's twelfth year. He also showed a rare skill in improvising on the pianoforte, trying to portray certain persons or dispositions. In public he played the accompaniment of Schneider's oratorio "The Day of Judgment." He was very fond of poetry and private theatricals, but his love of music, which was rapidly increasing, surpassed everything else. This was particularly noticeable after the summer of 1819, when he attended a concert given by Moscheles in Carlsbad. The father had now become convinced that Providence intended Robert for a musician, and notwithstanding all the violent objections on the part of his wife, who foresaw nothing but a career full of deprivations, he applied to Carl Maria von Weber, in Dresden, as a teacher for his son. Weber consented to accept Robert as a pupil, but for unknown reasons the excellent plan was abandoned and the boy's golden opportunity was lost. In spite of this neglect of early and well directed training (which may explain why his first compositions were so original in character and style), Schumann instinctively kept steadily on in the right path, a fact that greatly increases our admiration for him. Thus he pursued his musical studies at home, besides reading as much as possible, and helping his father in his compilations and translations. But already then he began to grow more and more reserved and reflective, loving to be alone, in a world of imagination and dreams. That great romanticist and humorist Jean Paul Friedrich Richter had completely enchanted him; he knew his novels almost by heart and never ceased to adore him as the richest source for his own imagination.

In 1826 Schumann met with a severe loss in the death of his father, who left the responsibility of the lad's future in the hands of his mother and his guardian, the merchant Rudel. They wished him to learn some profession that would promise a safe position early in life, and obediently submitting, he was inscribed as a law student at the university of Leipsic. Before this he had graduated brilliantly from the Zwickau Academy and had made a trip to Southern Germany with a friend, visiting, among other places, Bayreuth, where he stopped at Jean Paul's home, and Munich, where he met Heinrich Heine.

The young law student had not been long in Leipsic, when he began to thoroughly dislike the chosen profession as well as the noisy student life. To the enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven, Schubert, Jean Paul and Shakespeare the law seemed utterly dry and uninteresting. However he promised his guardian that he would pursue his legal studies, although strong signs of a melancholy disposition had begun to make their appearance. He joined some students' societies, but preferred the company of a few friends who were also much given to musical and poetic dreamings. In the house of Professor Carus, whose wife was a clever singer, his musical penchant found all desired satisfaction; here he met Marschner and Friedrich Wieck, the eminent piano teacher, father of that wonderful little Clara who, then nine years old, had already become famous as a piano-player of rare ability. With his mother's consent Schumann became Wieck's pupil, enjoying at last a rational method of technical education, though still neglecting and even despising all theoretical studies. In February, 1829, Wieck's instruction ended, Schumann gaining more time for ensemble playing. Beethoven's and Prince Louis Ferdinand's chamber compositions were frequently rendered, but especially the works of Franz Schubert, whose early death in the preceding year had impressed Schumann very deeply. Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" never left his piano. Happy in extemporizing all kinds of new melodies and harmonies, controlled only by his musical instinct, he wrote a number of songs and piano pieces, and even a pianoforte quartet, none of which have ever been published. The law lectures he neglected, but was much interested in those on the great German philosophers Kant, Fichte and Schelling. The next year he spent in Heidelberg, that romantic old town so beautifully situated in the neighborhood of Switzerland and Italy. Here Schumann met the eminent pandectist Thibaut; but even this great professor was unable to overcome the student's aversion for the legal profession. Again music became the centre of his existence. Life was charming, the time being much occupied by social events and trips which were made to the neighboring towns and valleys. On these occasions Schumann used to practice on a dumb piano even when riding in a carriage. In the fall he enjoyed a delightful trip to Switzerland and upper Italy, and the spirit in which he describes his impressions, changing from wit or rapture into melancholy, from admiration into home-sickness, is very characteristic of his peculiar nature. The stay in Heidelberg was prolonged for another term, which, however, was again mainly devoted to piano study and composition, it being here that he composed his first piano pieces. His skill being widely known, he was

often invited to parties, appearing also in a public concert, where he played variations by Moscheles. The struggle between filial obedience and loyalty to his genius had now reached its climax. At a concert given by Paganini in Frankfort, he was deeply impressed, and resolved to live no longer in uncertainty. Accordingly in July, 1830, he sent his mother that famous letter in which he pleads that his future must be devoted to art, and offers to submit unreservedly to the decision of Wieck. To his immense delight the latter's advice was favorable and removed all doubts and objections. Thus Schumann returned to Leipsic as an enthusiastic student of his beloved art.

Of the four ways in which a musician may shape his practical career, teaching, conducting, playing and composing, Schumann chose the last two as being most congenial to him, aiming particularly at the greatest possible virtuosity. He devoted himself to mechanical exercises with an almost sacred energy, even inventing devices to promote his abilities in shorter time than a natural development would allow. At the same time he continued composing, and though having no thorough instruction, he found by his wonderful instinct an adequate form for the expression of his feelings and ideas, a form which could not be called unmusical or amateurish. Indeed in looking to-day at these earlier compositions, we forget that they were written by a man who was only half educated in music, and we admire the genius which guided him in finding the truest language for his rich musical nature. But this was not all. His highly cultivated mind, his desire to promote art by every possible means, compelled him to become also a leading literary champion of its interests. Leipsic was at that time a great musical centre, although the famous epoch only began in 1835, when Mendelssohn was appointed conductor of the Gewandhaus Orchestra.

Before this, however, Schumann had to experience a sad disappointment. A gradually increasing lameness of the middle finger of the right hand (a consequence of his mechanical contrivances) spoiled every hope of his becoming a virtuoso. In spite of this new obstacle he devoted himself only the more to composition, and feeling sadly the lack of the necessary theoretical instruction, applied to Dorn, conductor of the opera, for lessons. During the winter 1832-33 he stayed with his family in Zwickau, where, in a concert given by Clara Wieck, he conducted the first movement of an unpublished symphony in G minor.

Schumann was fortunate in being so well situated pecuniarily that he was not obliged to earn his living during the years of the development of his genius. After his return to Leipsic he studied in private, surrounding himself with a few talented friends. Not content with their own mutual instruction in the spirit and beauty of old masterworks, and the enthusiastic appreciation of the productions of younger composers; firmly believing in the possibility of a new and brilliant epoch of musical art,

these young men desired to do all in their power to realize their hopes. In pursuance of this idea they started a magazine, "Die neue Zeitschrift für Musik," which for many years was destined to exercise a wide influence in Germany. Its principal mission was to plead for a more poetic conception of music, and this cause was presented in an entirely new poetic language. Poetry and prose, reality and fiction were combined in a very ingenious manner. A society of Davidites was founded, more in fiction than reality, not confined to a circle of enthusiasts, but comprising all the old masters as well as those then living, Mozart and Bach as well as Berlioz, Chopin and Mendelssohn. All writers of meaningless trivialities or dry, unpoetic formalities were attacked as "Philistines." In a similar way Schumann combined fiction and reality in this literary occupation by substituting for his own individuality three different characters, to personify the different sides of his nature, Florestan representing all that was passionate, manly, energetic; Eusebius embracing all that was sweet, tender or imaginative; with the more objective, experienced and reconciling figure of old Raro, acting as moderator of both. Some years before this paper was started, Schumann had made his literary debut by contributions to other magazines, his first work, when he was twenty-one years old, being that glorious article on Chopin's opus 2, giving a most poetic record of the feeling which the music of the rising genius had awakened within him. His own paper made its first appearance in April, 1834, and Schumann, who soon became its sole editor and proprietor, kept this position until 1844, when he took up his residence in Dresden. That small portion of his time which was unoccupied with journalistic work, was devoted to composing, the fruits being a number of piano works of striking originality and of a great variety of moods and forms.

Although Schumann's musical and literary occupations laid strong claim to his time and attention, yet much of his interest was absorbed by affairs of a private nature. For years he had watched closely the development of Clara Wieck; but warm as his feelings were for her, there was another young woman who for a while took possession of his heart, Ernestine von Fricken, daughter of a Bohemian baron from Asch, a name made famous through Schumann's "Carnival scenes," which are mostly based on the four notes corresponding with the letters of that town (also the only musical letters in his own name). This engagement was, however, broken in 1835, and the following years, so rich in musical and literary productions, were also marked by a continuous struggle for that wonderful artist, Clara Wieck, whose name was to become inseparably united with his own. Not only from his letters, but also from many compositions, we learn the extent of Schumann's sufferings from Wieck's obstinate refusal to give his daughter to one who had not yet gained a safe position and who was so far known more as a critic than as a composer. Schumann tried everything to improve his position, publishing his paper for a while in Vienna but without finding the desired success, and, after his return to Leipsic, procuring from the university of Jena the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy, on the ground of his writings and efforts in the interest of art. His

stay in Vienna was not without influence on his future development as a composer, and it had, besides this, the great result of bringing to light some of Schubert's finest compositions, especially the symphony in C, which Schumann not only sent at once to Mendelssohn for its first glorious performance, but presented to the world in all its beauty through a wonderful article published in his magazine. His doctor diploma, dated Feb. 24, 1840, speaks in the highest terms of his merits as a composer and critic.

With all his efforts and his growing popularity, Schumann could not gain favor in the eyes of father Wieck; only after a long term of legal proceedings were the happy pair united in marriage, their wedding being celebrated in a church near Leipsic in Sept., 1840. It was a union of greatest importance not only to themselves but to music. Both were true companions in an ideal struggle, true Davidites and priests of art, Clara Schumann not only continuing her career as a splendid interpreter of the classics of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schumann, but at the same time tenderly watching over her husband's health and temper, which was marked by a growing irritability. Honor though it was to be Robert Schumann's wife, it required a great character and supreme devotion. Looking at his happy family life, reading his expressions of gratitude, esteem and love for his wife; hearing those who have seen him play with his children, once more we say that it is not only the artist, but the man Schumann for whom we feel a deep sympathy and esteem. Yet his disposition was not wholly free from features of a less agreeable nature. His sensitiveness and taciturnity often made him appear in an unsympathetic light, or offend those who meant well with him. But this was only a sign of the deep-rooted disease, which developed so steadily and which so early wrecked his mind and body.

The culmination of Schumann's happiness being attained, his creative powers increased wonderfully. Now he felt compelled to confide the music of his soul to the human voice and suddenly appeared as a great master in a new field, by producing a wealth of songs, perfectly original in style, form and spirit. Love, of course, plays a prominent but not exclusive part in them. Yet his genius was seeking for still higher fields and larger forms. The following year was devoted to the composition of great orchestral works, three symphonies (two of which were published much later in different shape) and the first movement of the pianoforte concerto. In this higher sphere Schumann again proved himself a master, the first symphony in B-flat, given most successfully under Mendelssohn's direction, showing his genius at once in the most brilliant light. This fever for composing did not in the least abate in 1842, the year devoted to chamber music, when he wrote the three string quartets, the quintet and quartet for pianoforte and strings, which were unsurpassed by any later efforts. Far from being exhausted, in 1843 he completed besides the famous variations for two pianofortes, the great cantata "Paradise and the Peri." It was received most enthusiastically, and its success stimulated him to write a similar work of still higher order, the musical

setting of the most difficult and mysterious scenes from the second part of Goethe's "Faust." Meanwhile he had continued the work for his musical journal, accompanied his wife to concerts in Hamburg and Russia, where he was highly honored as a composer, and had also filled a position as professor for pianoforte and composition at the new Conservatory opened in April, 1843, with Mendelssohn as director. Of this latter work of Schumann little has become known, and from his uncommunicative nature one has inferred that he lacked the talent of a true teacher. In 1844 he severed his connection with the Conservatory and with his journal also, and took up his residence in Dresden. Overwork and the exerting musical life in Leipsic had greatly increased his nervousness and he expected a speedy recovery in the royal capital, with its lovely surroundings and quiet life. However it took years to fully restore him. Yet in these very years Schumann wrote his glorious symphony in C, and devoted much time to strict contrapuntal studies, composing several works in this style. He finally took a more active part in Dresden's social life, keeping a friendly intercourse with other musicians, poets and artists, and a sincere interest in the opera, then directed by young Wagner. At that time the reform of the musical drama was in Dresden the centre of all musical interests, and Schumann felt a deep desire to solve the great problem in his own way.

We shall speak below more extensively about his only opera "Genoveva." Although it was completed in Dresden, in 1848, it had its first performance in the summer of 1850, in Leipsic, under his own direction. It was repeated there a few times, but was undeniably a great disappointment in spite of all its musical beauties. Schumann was deeply affected, disagreeing entirely with the critics as to the dramatic character of his work. Much more successful were the first performances of his music to "Faust," presented at the centenary of Goethe's birthday in Dresden, Leipsic and Weimar. Several years later Schumann added more numbers, but the entire work was given in its present shape only after his death.

In the winter of 1846-47, Robert and Clara Schumann made a trip to Vienna, where the latter played her husband's concerto (completed in 1845), and he conducted his first symphony. The Viennese admired her playing but showed far less appreciation for his music than the North Germans or even the Russians. In 1847, Schumann succeeded Hiller as director of the Dresden "Liedertafel," and in 1848 he started a mixed chorus, which afforded him more genuine pleasure than the male chorus. With them he gave the Faust music, and "Paradise and the Peri," studied Beethoven's great Mass in D, and began to believe in his abilities as a conductor to such a degree, that when, in 1849, it was rumored that Rietz, Mendelssohn's successor in Leipsic, was going to Berlin, Schumann eagerly applied for the high position. Rietz, however, remained. During these last years in Dresden, Schumann had finished a large number of chamber works, songs, duets, male, female and mixed choruses with or without accompaniment, piano pieces, and the music to Byron's "Manfred."

In 1850, Hiller again recommended Schumann to become his successor as director of the orchestral and choral concerts in Düsseldorf, and a call being extended, it was readily accepted by the composer. For such a work he had neither the natural gifts nor the necessary preparation, his conducting being hesitating, his way of rehearsing not in the least instructive. Fluent as was his style in writing, he lacked the gift of easily imparting his ideas. However, he was received with high honors and for three seasons performed his new duties, also several times taking part in the great vocal festivals. All his works were listened to with delight; nevertheless it constantly became more evident that he was unfit for the position, and in 1853 his engagement was not renewed, the decision affecting him deeply. A visit to Leipsic made by the artists in 1852 for the performance of several novelties, was also rather disappointing, while the triumphant tour through Holland, at the end of 1853, forms the last sunny period of Schumann's life.

In these years he had composed feverishly, some of the results being such great and famous productions as the Rhenish symphony, the cantata, "the Pilgrimage of the Rose," several overtures, ballads for soli, chorus and orchestra, a mass, a requiem, several chamber works, songs, melodramas and pianoforte pieces. He also planned writing another opera on Schiller's "Bride of Messina" or Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," or a great popular oratorio on "Luther," but was forced to abandon the scheme. He was happiest amongst his children and was as talkative with them as reticent with others. Yet his old interest in new talents remained unabated and the way in which he encouraged young musicians, such as Reinecke, Meinardus, Dietrich, Joachim and especially Brahms, shows him in a most amiable light. But all this time that mysterious influence which had so early affected his mind, was daily gaining in strength. He was troubled so much by nervousness, a feeling of permanent anxiety, and even by hallucinations, that he became desirous of a medical treatment in a hospital. One night he rushed from his bed to write down a theme just sent to him by the spirits of Schubert and Mendelssohn. Nor was he free from superstitions, for instance passionately taking part in the practice of table moving. On February 22, 1854, soon after dinner, without any warning he left his house and the society of a few friends, to seek his final rest in the floods of the Rhine. Saved by sailors, he recovered full possession of his faculties only for a few days, in which he wrote one variation on the theme of that strange night. During the two last years of his life he was confined in a private hospital near Bonn. There a few friends such as Joachim and young Brahms were admitted to see the beloved master, so sadly afflicted both physically and mentally. His darkened mind became clear only at rare intervals, when he would sit at the piano, once more seeking a musical expression for the strange world of thoughts within him. But soon all visits from friends were forbidden, and the wife of the great composer saw him only to close his eyes and bid him a last farewell. He died July 2, 1856, only forty-six years old. In Bonn, where he is buried, a beautiful monument by Donndorf is erected in his memory.

In appearance Schumann was rather tall and stately, calm and slow in his movements, the face, with deep, melancholy eyes and rich dark hair, being quite expressive, but seldom betraying the emotions of his soul, the wealth and depth of his imagination or the exquisite wit and humor, so often encountered in his works. Certain odd peculiarities of his personal and artistic character, which became more apparent when his health began to fail, can not impair the general impression of his true nature as manifested in the achievements of his happier days. If we remember how late Schumann entered upon a musical career, how late he enjoyed a thorough theoretical instruction, how much he has also done in the field of literature, how early his health began to be impaired, and at what an early age he was called away, we are astonished at the mass of his works, so many of them of the widest scope and importance, which place his name among the noblest and greatest masters.

In a certain sense Schumann's works may be regarded as a musical commentary on his life. This is particularly true of his earlier pianoforte compositions. Being neither the result of theoretical studies nor the imitation of favorite masters, they were of a surprising originality, melodically, rhythmically and harmonically, and revealed a new spirit in a new form in spite of all relationship to Schubert's small character pieces, Beethoven's last sonatas or Bach's polyphonic style. They were not only new, but bold and full of a higher significance. Schumann was never at a loss for ideas, but, being familiar with every style of pianoforte playing from Bach's to Moscheles' and Chopin's, and aiming at the career of a virtuoso, he wrote from the beginning in a very difficult style, rich in wonderful new effects and combinations. Sometimes we find a "pearl of great price" hidden beneath a wealth of ornament of unusual beauty, novelty and poetic significance. So peculiar indeed is the style of these pianoforte works, that special technical study is required in order to do them justice.

Like all our great composers, Schumann frequently makes use of variations, of course not in Henri Herz's manner, but in Beethoven's, creating out of one original idea a series of characteristic pieces, strongly contrasted in form and spirit. In Heidelberg, long before his studies with Dorn, he wrote those on A-b-e-gg, dedicated to a countess of this name, who, however, was in reality nothing but a modest, untitled young lady, with whom he had become acquainted at a ball. The Impromptu (Op. 5), on a theme of Clara Wieck, belongs to this class also. But of much greater importance are the two works, in which he best showed the peculiar character of his pianoforte virtuosity, the Symphonic Studies (Op. 13) and the Andante with variations for two pianofortes (Op. 46). The extremely interesting treatment in these works is very free, but always ingenious, and the technical and intellectual difficulties are very great.

Rarely one meets with a long cantilena, in Schumann's earlier works, the material generally having a short, somewhat fragmentary character, often consisting of but a few notes, though treated with a wealth of

rhythmical or harmonical combinations. There is also a great variety of moods, and the contrasts are not only very distinct, but often unexpected and sudden. As a dreamer full of sweetest or saddest thoughts he is not less touching than as a musical knight of the most chivalrous spirit or as a humorist such as Beethoven. Nowhere can one find a finer exhibition of that peculiar German humor which "laughs through tears," than in Schumann's charming "Humoreske" (Op. 20). The arrangements of the Paganini caprices and studies have a more pedagogic purpose, while the great Toccata (Op. 7) and the Allegro (Op. 8) may be called Schumann's noblest contributions to the literature of bravura-pieces. More characteristic of his individuality, however, are those works with which his name as a musical poet will always remain especially connected--"Papillons," "Carnival," "Davidsbündlertänze," "Phantasiestücke," "Scenes from Childhood," "Kreisleriana" and "Noveletten." Distinct pictures of his poetical imagination form their object, yet it is well to remember the composer's emphatic declaration, that the music originated in his mind and was written down before he even thought of the title, which he afterward gave the composition. Yet so wonderfully appropriate are many of these titles, that it is often impossible not to perceive their meaning in the music. What an inexhaustible wealth of musical ideas is hidden in all these productions, how many new rhythmical combinations, how many "sweetest discords"! Who has ever understood how to show so much depth of feeling and originality of thought, such a rich imagination within such narrow limits as has Schumann, particularly in the "Papillons" and "Carnival"! One feels that much of his own life's experience, much of the romance of his heart is embodied in this music. Thus the "Davidsbündlertänze" are by no means "dances," but the Davidites' knightly fights against the Philistines, nor are the "Kreisleriana" a portrayal of the eccentric Capellmeister in E. T. A. Hoffmann's tale, but the expression of Schumann's own enthusiastic, romantic, many-sided nature and of the ever-varying moods of his soul. In the Novelettes he tells us, in a most pleasing and spirited language, the story of his struggle for Clara's heart. The Phantasiestücke contain veritable gems among modern pianoforte music, such as "Evenings," "Why," "Traumeswirren" and "Aufschwung." The utmost delicacy of sentiment and fineness of musical expression are found in the "Scenes from Childhood," which are not meant as compositions for children, but as musical genre pictures from the children's life. Other fine pieces such as "Arabeske," "Blumenstück," "Nachtstücke," may be only mentioned, though each deserves a detailed analysis.

In three Sonatas Schumann has attempted to force the wealth of his imagination into an old classic form, but as he had not then perfected himself in the latter, and besides wrote the single movements at wide intervals, he could hardly be expected to make a complete success. The material is almost crowded, the development often lacks coherence, the different portions are not of equal value; and yet, considering these productions as free music, we recognize again the composer's vast powers of invention and combination, his passionate energy, delicacy of sentiment and brilliancy of style. Of these sonatas, the one in G minor

is generally praised as the best. On a higher plane we place the great fantasia in C, Op. 17, dedicated to Liszt. Here Schumann's imagination was free from strict formal fetters; the four movements keep one's interest evenly and keenly alive, and, apparently written in hours of inspiration, they go directly from heart to heart. The earnest, noble character and lofty spirit of this work remind us indeed of Beethoven, to whose monument Schumann had first intended to contribute it as an "obolus." Its difficulties are such, that only eminent players are able to master them and make the meaning of the music clear.

Among Schumann's later pianoforte compositions the following are best known: the lively, fanciful "Faschingsschwank," composed in Vienna during the carnival; three romances, of which the one in F-sharp is particularly famous; some fugues and other pieces in strict contrapuntal style; the "Scenes from the Woods" (among which is the odd "Bird as Prophet"); "Bunte Blätter"; "Phantasiestücke"; "20 Album Leaves" (including the popular cradle song); and "Gesänge der Frühe"; "Three little Sonatas," dedicated to his daughters, and the well known "Album for the Young," with its forty-three charming pieces, are certainly among the most valuable works ever written for children.

Of the compositions for four hands none deserves more sympathy than the charming "Pictures from the Orient," inspired by Rückert's "Makamen des Hariri," certainly in no way inferior to the famous "Evening Song" from the twelve pieces Op. 85, while the elaborate "Ball Scenes" and the easier "Children's Ball" were written at a later period.

The pianoforte concerto in A minor ranks directly after Beethoven's. It has a truly symphonic character, especially in the first and last movements, the orchestra accompaniment being not less important than the brilliant solo part, while the middle movement, Intermezzo, seems even like a lovely solo for the violoncello with piano accompaniment. Two more concert pieces for pianoforte with orchestra are an Allegro appassionato (Op. 92) and a Concert Allegro with Introduction (Op. 134), the latter dedicated to Joh. Brahms.

When, in 1840, Schumann reached the sunshine of domestic happiness, he was compelled to express his joy in singing, not only in vocal compositions, but also in his instrumental pieces, which now began to assume a more sustained melodic breadth. He played no instrument besides the pianoforte, and for this reason has often been accused of not fully understanding the true nature of string or wood instruments. We admit that occasionally a desired effect is not well produced, but a thousand instances prove that as a general statement such an accusation is entirely false. There are portions where the composer shows a lack of transparency, but a great many more are very brilliant and most finely balanced. His use of the strings is certainly effective enough in his chamber works, though the finest results are obtained in their combination with the pianoforte.

The three string quartets dedicated to Mendelssohn show the latter's great influence on Schumann's progress in larger forms. Later the composer changed many details, and now we class them among the most valuable productions of the kind since Beethoven's death, the beauty of the ideas and their fascinating treatment increasing our admiration with each hearing. Schumann likes to place the Scherzo before the slow movement and to substitute for the Trio an Intermezzo in two-four time. Greater than these quartets, however, are the famous quintet and quartet in E-flat for pianoforte and strings. The former especially has been called the greatest chamber work since Beethoven, and it has not yet been thrust from this position of honor. How one would have liked to witness the first performance of this splendid work with Clara Schumann, to whom it is dedicated, at the piano! Two very short themes form the basis of the first movement, which has a bright, energetic character and received an extremely rich harmonic treatment with a brilliant ornamental figure work. Then follows a funeral march of a peculiar character, having a choral-like episode in the major key, and a passionate *agitato* in F minor. The highly spirited Scherzo has again two trios, one sweet and melodious, and the other a labyrinth of mysterious sounds and thoughts. The same harmonic wealth and energetic spirit we find again in the Finale, in which through a combination of the principal theme with the first one in the opening moment, a grand climax is reached, closing a work which, with all its romantic spirit and modern rhythm and harmony, retains the character of a perfectly classic masterpiece. The pianoforte quartet deserves as much praise, one of its most conspicuous features being the close relation which Schumann bears to Bach, while retaining his own strikingly modern poetical spirit.

The trios for piano, violin and violoncello in D minor and F are of a high order too, full of ingenious ideas, one being especially interesting by its passionate, poetic spirit, the other through a greater perfection in form; but the originality and artistic perfection which characterize them do not appear in the G minor trio [Op. 110]. Of a lighter character, yet delightful on every page, are the "Phantasiestücke" for violin, 'cello and piano, and the "Märchenerzählungen" for piano, clarinet and viola.

The two passionate, melancholy Violin Sonatas of his later years are, in spite of their great musical worth, perhaps more gratifying for players than for a concert audience, while many an enjoyable page may be found among the different compositions for clarinet, horn, viola, or violoncello and pianoforte.

Schumann's organ compositions are few in number, the principal ones being the six fugues on B-A-C-H, which differ considerably in value and character.

Besides the pianoforte concerto already mentioned, Schumann has composed one for violoncello in A minor, demanding a player of great musical intelligence: one for four horns, a revival of the old concerto grosso,

and a fantasia for violin with orchestral accompaniment dedicated to Joachim, who owns also the manuscript of a whole violin concerto. All these works belong to Schumann's last period, showing traces of exhaustion, but still his noble, always purely artistic purposes.

In order to picture Schumann's orchestral works with any degree of justice, we should be gifted with his own wonderful powers of description, thus producing upon our readers an impression similar to that produced by the musical work upon a sympathetic listener. What a splendid protest are they against the faint-hearted belief, that with Beethoven's "Ninth" the symphony as such had not only reached its supreme development, but died. Surely it required a genius, a great personality, a thorough master of the symphonic art to write in this field something worthy of the great predecessors, and yet original. But such a personality was Schumann, and his symphonies will forever belong to the golden treasure of instrumental music. Far from being imitations in any respect, they hold an independent position of their own and will live as long as their composer's name. Already the first one in B-flat appears at once as a masterpiece of lasting value. In this he might be called a younger brother of Beethoven, a lad with youthful thoughts and hopes and longings, with rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes, full of sweetest tenderness and mirth, but glowing with youth, manliness and vigor. His kinship with Schubert is often apparent too, although he always shows his own peculiar face. In regard to the form, he introduces many new features.

This is particularly noticeable in his treatment of the second theme in the first and last movements, in the use of two trios in the Scherzo, and in the melodious Larghetto, which greatly resembles his Phantasiestücke for piano. Throughout, this music is extremely inspiring; in spite of an occasional lack of clearness in the instrumentation it is powerful and brilliant or of exquisite delicacy, and its spirit full of love, happiness and spring.

The second symphony in D minor, later revised and published as No. 4, is decidedly more passionate and concentrated, some of the four movements being closely connected, besides having partly a common thematic material. New also is the slow impressive introduction of the finale and the free, fantasia-like treatment of the second part of the opening movement. In the place of a broad adagio a lovely romance precedes the Scherzo, which retains its usual shape, and in all four movements the principal key of D is dominant.

Schumann's relationship to Beethoven seems however nowhere more conspicuous than in the great symphony in C. It has an eminently virile, strong and dithyrambic character. The solemn introduction of the first movement, the conciseness of its first part, the wide scope of the working-out portion, even the character of the themes, remind us at once of Beethoven's spirit. An extensive, fanciful scherzo with two different trios in two-four time precedes the beautiful Adagio, which, with its

intense feeling, sweet sadness and almost transcendental loftiness, comes perhaps nearer to Beethoven than anything else in modern symphonic literature. An exultant finale crowns this truly monumental work. And let us not forget that it was written in a gloomy period of mental and physical distress. The deep study of Bach at that time left many traces in the masterly contrapuntal work.

A new world is revealed in the so-called Rhenish Symphony in E-flat. There Schumann begins at once with the Allegro, the first subject of the movement bearing a vigorous character with effective syncopations and clad in all the splendor of the full orchestra, the second being a charming melody in G minor. Omitting the usual repetition of the first part, he extends the working-out portion by new and ingenious combinations of the two subjects. Here again we are often reminded of Beethoven. After the brilliant Coda a lovely intermezzo follows with a sweet, almost popular melody for the 'celli, alternating with a lively staccato figure of the string and wood instruments and a romantic song for two horns, the whole suggesting perhaps a pleasant trip on the Rhine at sunset. And is there anything more delicate and touching in any modern symphony than the Andante in A-flat, where every instrument seems to have a soul and to sing directly into our inmost heart, now plaintive and sad, now consoling with an indescribable delicacy of feeling. Still the composer does not hasten to the finale, but puts in another slow movement in E-flat minor in the character of a solemn ceremony (suggested by the installation of the archbishop in Cologne), highly effective by its spirit, and vastly interesting by its masterly counterpoint and rich instrumentation. It touches us like liberty regained from such mysteries when the finale opens with its brilliant, vigorous theme, and the whole glorious movement fills our hearts with its own enthusiastic spirit. Yet this great work was written when Schumann's powers began to decay, and when he was occupied with many less successful efforts in other musical fields.

The fifth symphonic work, written directly after the first symphony, but revised and published later under the title "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," has also become a favorite because of its charming, inspiring character, especially prominent in the scherzo, which is an excellent revival of the old gigue form.

Notwithstanding Schumann's admiration for Berlioz, his firm belief in the close relation between poetry and music, and his programmatic tendencies in earlier pianoforte works, it is very significant that he has in all his orchestral writing closely followed the path of his great predecessors. Hereby he gave great encouragement to still cling to the classic tradition, and to believe in the possibility of a further development of the symphonic form.

Even the master's overtures may be regarded in this light of pure music, although they refer to certain distinct objects. They all were first intended as preludes for some drama or festival occasion, such as the

one on the Rhine-wine song, in which after a long orchestral movement a tenor solo leads over to the popular chorus finale. The overtures to his dramatic works "Genoveva" and "Manfred" rank highest, and will be dwelt upon later; the others refer to Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," scenes of Goethe's "Faust," Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," and Schiller's "Bride of Messina"; the last named being particularly worthy of a deep interest and sympathy.

Omitting the many songs for children (some of which have a peculiar charm), Schumann has composed over two hundred works in this smallest form of vocal music, the majority of which were written in the happy year of his marriage. They made Schumann at once a peer of Franz Schubert, and placed him in the front rank of German song composers as the representative of an entirely new style, which has been quite successfully adopted by younger masters. His poetic nature enabled him, so to speak, to repeat the whole process of the poet in the conception and shaping of his work, but as a musician and in the richer and more delicate language of music, and thus to more clearly express the finest thoughts and feelings of the poem. The words are treated very melodiously, but with a fine sense for correct accentuation. Although the voice retains the melodic expression of the sentiment, the accompaniment, far from being a conventional support, is raised to such importance that it is absolutely essential to the vocal strain. Thus much that the poet could only suggest, found a wonderfully distinct musical expression, partly in fine preludes, interludes and postludes, and partly in the details of the strict accompaniment. Here again, one is surprised at the abundance of new harmonic and rhythmic combinations. These songs demand the most intimate harmony between singer and player and most of them lose greatly by a translation in any other language, as the music is often closely connected, not only with the thought and sentiment, but with the special poetic diction of the German text. Schumann has sometimes been accused of lacking a thorough comprehension of the human voice; in a certain sense this may be true, on the other hand one must admit that there are few public singers who are capable of giving a just rendering of his finest songs, many of which are besides hardly appropriate for the concert hall.

The master's high culture guided him in the selection of poems, and the great representatives of German lyric poetry, Heine, Rückert, Eichendorff, Chamisso, and Kerner, owe a great deal of their popularity to Schumann, as so many of their finest poems have become inseparably connected with his music. In his several cycles of songs (Heine's and Eichendorff's "Liederkreis," Heine's "Dichterliebe," Rückert's "Liebesfrühling," to which Clara Schumann has contributed some numbers, and Chamisso's "Frauen-Liebe und Leben"), the single numbers are not connected, but their coherence is often indicated by some other way. Intensity and purity of feeling, truth of expression for situations or moods of every kind, and a rare harmony between the poetic and musical senses secure to many of these songs the highest position in this kind of literature. Some have a simple, almost popular character (particularly those by Burns), others are very

elaborate. In ballads ("Belsazar," "Soldier's Bride," "Two Grenadiers," "Die Rothe Hanne," "Der arme Peter," etc.), Schumann has a peculiar style of his own, differing much from that of the great master of German ballad music, Loewe, less popular, yet in many ways not less effective. Less happy perhaps are his later settings of the songs from G  the's "Wilhelm Meister" and of poems of Elise Kullmann, Queen Mary Stuart and others.

Much could be said of the many delightful vocal duets, varying so much in style and spirit, and interesting us so much both in the vocal and piano parts. Yet we can only mention them here, as well as the several important and larger works for solo voices and piano in a cyclic form, such as the "Minnespiel" from R  ckert's "Liebesfr  hling," the "Spanische Liederspiel" and "Spanische Liebeslieder," all of which should be favorite numbers for vocal chamber concerts.

Next in our review stand the part songs for mixed, female or male voices. Some of them deserve a place beside Mendelssohn's little masterpieces, others are almost forgotten or, like the great motet for double male chorus and organ, or the canons on R  ckert's "Ritornelle," are beyond the sphere of male chorus societies. Few have won a greater popularity than the "Gipsy Life" with piano, triangle and tambourine. Of greater importance, however, are several works with orchestra, undeservedly neglected, R  ckert's "Advent" and "New Year Songs," Hebbel's gloomy "Nachtlied," and especially the touching "Requiem for Mignon" from G  the's "Wilhelm Meister." Less distinction is attributed to the four great ballads for chorus, soli and orchestra, Uhland's "Gl  ck von Edenhall," "des S  nger's Fluch," "der K  nigssohn," and Geibel's "Vom Pagen und der K  nigstochter." By having these ballads arranged in a more extended, dramatic form, Schumann impaired the work of the poet; moreover he succeeded only partially in his musical setting, weak portions predominating over the more effective and even fine passages, which are by no means wanting. The Requiem and the Mass, both for chorus and orchestra without solos, the latter acknowledged as decidedly superior, were composed in feverish haste, and give little proof of his ability to reveal his religious feelings by means of great choruses or to adapt his music to the Catholic service. In these late years he tried his powers in almost every field of composition, even applying the melodramatic form to poems, which are recited to a pianoforte accompaniment ("Sch  n Hedwig," "die Fl  chtlinge," "der Haideknabe.")

There yet remain several great works which have helped to make Schumann's name immortal. In the poem of "Paradise and the Peri," forming a part of Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Schumann found a subject particularly suited to his individuality, a touching romantic fairy tale with rich Oriental scenery and pictures of strongly contrasted vivid colors. Schumann changed the poem in some places and made a few additions of his own, but did not in the least impair its beauty or coherency. The epic portions are attributed to different solo voices and sometimes even to the chorus. The orchestral accompaniment is very elaborate, demanding great care for an

adequate performance. All these scenes in India, Africa and at the gates of Eden required a sensuous, yet refined instrumentation to portray them in their peculiar colors. Orchestra and the human voice were called upon to furnish the truest and most touching expression for the varied emotions of every number, which might be warlike and thrilling or tender and sweet, exuberant with joy or hopeless with despair, illustrating the charm of a blooming scenery or the gloom, suffering and death brought by the plague. The solos demand singers with beautiful, well-trained voices, and a thorough comprehension of all the musical and poetic beauties. A more brilliant and impressive soprano solo part than the Peri does not exist in all concert literature. There are also parts assigned to a second soprano, alto, tenor and two bass voices, the solos alternating with concerted numbers of extreme beauty. Of the chorus numbers the finales of parts one and three are on a large plan and have a jubilant and highly spirited character. Not less beautiful are the smaller numbers, each so wonderfully adapted to its particular situation and mood. Indeed one cannot speak too highly of all this music, and even one who does not sympathize with some monotonous portions in the third part, or an occasional deviation from correct declamation, will admit that this work is indeed the finest repository of the wealth, beauty and peculiarity of Robert Schumann's musical genius, in a field in which he has no superior and hardly a rival. It inaugurated indeed a new form of secular chorus music, more modern in spirit and freer in the whole arrangement than the oratorio proper, more dramatic than the cantata, and of greater refinement than the opera.

"The Pilgrimage of the Rose" cannot claim a similar high position. Arranged for Schumann by Horn after a poem of Pfarrius, it deals with a conventional story of a weakly, sentimental character, in spite of a few highly poetical incidents, and is unduly extended. Yet the music contains a most beautiful chorus for male voices with horns, and charming mixed choruses for female and mixed voices, their tones being either soft and mellow or as bright and spirited as anything written in much younger and happier years. The solos are, however, more monotonous, the famous duet of the miller and his wife being one of the few exceptions. It is also doubtful whether Schumann did right in arranging the original piano accompaniment for a whole orchestra.

The second immortal work, by which Schumann has enriched vocal concert literature, is his music to scenes from Goethe's "Faust." Part I. consists, after the weak overture, of the scenes in the garden, the dome, and before the Mater dolorosa, from the first part of Goethe's tragedy; the scene in the garden is distinguished by a peculiarly fine musical dialogue and orchestral accompaniment, that in the dome by the addition of an impressive *Dies iræ*. The more important scenes, however, divided in two parts, are from Goethe's second play: "Ariel's song in the morning dawn," "Sunrise," "Faust's monologue," "Scene of the four grey women," "Faust's blinding, death and glorification." For this mystic poetry Schumann has found a sublime musical language, which revealed to thousands the beauty of Goethe's verses, and the hidden meaning of his thoughts. The fantastic

scene of the grey women, Faust's farewell song, the dialogue between Mephisto and his Lemures, digging Faust's grave, the latter's death followed by a wonderful postlude, are extremely impressive. Yet the climax is reached in the half-religious, allegorical third part, where saints and angels sing, amongst them Gretchen as "una poenitentium." Here are true gems of musical sublimity, comparable with nothing else in the works of Schumann or any other composer. The incorporeal world of spirits becomes almost visible through the music. The final chorus in eight parts shows in its solemn beginning a marvellous mastery of contrapuntal art, while the allegro on the "eternal womanly" perhaps in neither of the two different settings which Schumann has written, fully reaches his high intentions, and is unduly extended. There are many solo and concerted numbers, yet Faust remains the central figure. The sublime music accorded to him makes his part unique, approaches nearest the Christ in Bach's "Passion," and demands a noble voice, technical perfection, and the finest shading in the spiritual expression of every phrase. The orchestral part, too, demands a careful preparation. Schumann also composed many numbers in which Goethe did not prescribe the assistance of music, and if it is true that as a whole this work has a fragmentary character, one must not forget that Schumann originally intended it for the concert stage, and as such it will forever remain one of the noblest tasks for great choral societies. However it cannot be denied that here too a full enjoyment of all the musical depth and beauty is only possible in connection with the German text, with the peculiar melody, rhythm and color of Goethe's diction.

Of a somewhat fragmentary character is also the music to Byron's "Manfred." This dramatic poem with its wealth of thought and almost unbearable gloom was never intended for theatrical purposes; it has a kindred spirit with Faust and even with Schumann's own nature, and certainly no composer could have entered deeper into this poetical glorification of melancholy and despair. Schumann wrote the music under such conditions of mind that it could only come from the depths of his heart. The overture ranks among his greatest productions as a highly impressive picture of a passionate mental struggle, rich in new orchestral effects and finenesses of expression. Besides a lovely entr'acte the many melodramas force even upon those who generally are opposed to this form, the confession that Schumann was one of the greatest musical psychologists; while the few vocal numbers (except perhaps the song of the spirits of Ahrimanes and the Requiem) have less significance. One feels this especially in theatrical performances, which, although not intended by either poet or composer, impress us still deeper than the usual reading, singing and playing in concert form.

Already in 1842, Schumann had confessed that German opera was the subject of his daily prayer, it being a field in which much could be accomplished. This longing took a more decided shape in Dresden, where the operatic interest predominated. There he heard many new and old operas, watching also the development of him who was destined to become the central figure of modern musical dramatic art. Schumann's relation to Wagner's personal

and artistic individuality and his opinion of the latter's earlier works cover a ground on which we hope the future will gain more information than that afforded by the occasional remarks in Schumann's letters. He had an irresistible desire to participate in the reform of the opera, and has shown in his "Genoveva," at least his idea of the best solution of the problem. He believed honestly in his ability to write dramatic music. After searching a long while among old legends and stories, thinking also of Nibelungen, Wartburg Contest and similar subjects, he decided in favor of "Genoveva," already treated as tragedy by Tieck and Hebbel. The painter-poet Reinick was invited to write a libretto, based mainly on Hebbel's drama; his book not being satisfactory, Schumann applied to Hebbel, who, however, politely declined. The composer, being thus forced to arrange it himself, not only combined the two different plots and styles of Tieck and Hebbel, but added new features, and omitted others which would have greatly increased the sympathy for his play and heroine. Musically he followed Weber in his last operatic experiment "Euryanthe," closely uniting words, music and action, and connecting the single scenes into one coherent act. But he substituted for the old form of the recitative the more melodious, but certainly more monotonous, undramatic arioso. There are four acts and four principal parts of contrasting individuality. There is no lack of passionate or tender emotional scenes, of great ensemble numbers, or of scenic display; nor does the lyric element unduly predominate, but in Schumann's mode of treatment even the dramatic speech assumes a lyric character, and with all the variety of moods, all the great single effects and the large number of beautiful music pieces (prayer, hunting song, love duet, etc.), one does not feel able to retain a hearty, active interest till the end of the last act. Instead of an impressive picture of human passions, sufferings and joys, we have only a musical illustration of an old story which we liked to read in childhood. Schumann entertained a very high opinion of his work, saying that it did not contain one bar of undramatic music. He erred, but nevertheless "Genoveva" remains a most interesting attempt of one of our greatest masters to solve the operatic problem, an attempt noble in its sincerity, rich in musical beauty and fine psychological detail, bright in color, yet of more of the style of oil-painting than the *al fresco* required by the stage. Long after the unsuccessful performances in Leipsic the opera has been revived in many German cities, still finding to-day a limited, but highly interested audience of those who love its author from his immortal masterworks in other fields. At least the magnificent overture will perpetuate its memory as a favorite concert number all over the world.

Thus Schumann has cultivated every field of his art, not with equal success, but always with sincere earnestness of purpose and a noble ambition to widen its domain, and to refine its mode of expression. How original was he in its treatment of melody, rhythm, harmony, instrumentation, and of the relation of music to poetry, in the combination of old forms with a new spirit and in his endeavors to find new forms. Closely connected in spirit and form with Bach, Beethoven and

Schubert, he was himself so rich and original that he became a great influence upon younger representatives of his art, even on the other side of the Rhine and the British channel, though less so in southern countries. Some younger composers were particularly successful as his followers in some special field, while others showed his great influence in the shaping or coloring of many of their best known and otherwise most original productions. His music will be forever an inexhaustible source of pure enjoyment for earnest music lovers, and of the most valuable studies for young aspiring composers of any nationality.

There was however another means by which Schumann exercised a far-reaching influence, namely, his literary and critical work. His writings, collected by himself and published in two volumes, belong among the most instructive and enjoyable books on music. Yet one must not forget the time when they were written. Since then we have become accustomed to many new ideas and names, while many once prominent men and once famous compositions are already forgotten. Still, even if many articles of Schumann are interesting more in a historical sense, we cannot help being impressed everywhere by his pure, noble, enthusiastic spirit, his high opinion of the dignity of art, his extensive knowledge of a general character, and by his fine taste and clear judgment. He was as far from cold scientific theories as from mystic philosophical comprehensions. He was fond of an epigrammatic style, abounding in exclamations and beautiful poetic pictures. Indeed there is undeniably a similarity of style between his earlier writings and compositions.

Schumann's aim was to promote all high interests of art, a better knowledge of old masters, a loving appreciation of any merits of contemporaneous composers and the preparation of new fields for coming talents. How happy is he, when permitted to praise enthusiastically! how rare his ability, to so describe the beauty of a composition that we become really acquainted with its form and spirit! Yet he is not always enthusiastic, but sometimes quietly instructive, sarcastic and witty, or passionately angry, as in his one-sided, yet comprehensible attacks on Meyerbeer, Italian opera, or light piano music after the fashion of Herz. But it shows a generous and noble character that he, a rare productive genius, found almost his greatest pleasure in discovering new talents; that even after many years' retirement from all journalistic work, he once more raised his enthusiastic, prophetic voice to introduce Brahms to the musical world! Nor was he narrow-minded regarding nationality; no Pole could ever write of Chopin with more enthusiasm, no Frenchman of Berlioz with a keener appreciation than Schumann did, and how heartily did he welcome Gade the Dane, Bennett the Englishman, Verhulst the Hollander! He calls art a fugue, in which all the civilized nations participate alternately. His articles also abound in most remarkable statements of a general nature. Of a true work of art he demands a spiritual meaning and a form corresponding to the composer's individuality. "Music impels nightingales to utter love-songs, pug-dogs to yelp." "An equipped eye sees stars where others only clouds and shadows." "The critic must hasten

past those who are sinking and fight for the men of the future." He ridicules those who "on a ladder try to measure a colossus like Beethoven with yard-sticks in their hands." In his reviews on new publications he confined himself to instrumental music, with a few exceptions. The famous article on Schubert's symphony in C has hardly more lasting value than the one on Berlioz, with the many significant remarks on the power of orchestral instruments for expression and description. But his many high praises of Mendelssohn honor him most. When once told that Mendelssohn was not true to him, he refused to believe it and always kept his memory as sacred as that of Schubert. Yet in speaking of their mutual relations Schumann confessed that he could learn much from Mendelssohn, but Mendelssohn could also learn something from him, and that, if he had been brought up in the same happy circumstances as his contemporaries, he would surpass them one and all. In Dresden Schumann kept a little theatre journal, in which he wrote short notes on old and new pieces; interesting remarks just like those in "Meister Raro's, Florestan's and Eusebius' Denk- und Dichtbüchlein" or the well known "Rules for young people."

Aside from all musical interest, one may regard Schumann's writings as valuable contributions to literature emanating from an author of the finest artistic sense, a master of his language and of the most wonderful expressions for the subtleties of poetic or musical feelings. It would not be right not to mention here his many letters, which so far have been published in several collections and which are as instructive for the musician as enjoyable for the general reader. They help greatly to understand his individuality as man and artist. By his literary writings Schumann has perhaps exercised directly and indirectly as great an influence as by his musical works. Yet it is the latter, by which he will live for ever as one who has given his life-blood to his art and enriched our literature by masterworks of absolute beauty, greatness and originality, and who, even where he erred or made unsuccessful experiments, is worthy of our sincere sympathy because of the honesty of his purpose. Boundless is our gratitude and veneration for him whose genius will continue to reach thousands of new admirers that will honor in him a peer of those who are the corner stones of musical art.



Cole Porter, born June 9, 1893

[https://archive.org/details/78rpm?sin=&\[\]=Cole+Porter&\[\]=year%3A%221930%22&\[\]=year%3A%221929%22&\[\]=year%3A%221928%22&\[\]=year%3A%221927%22&\[\]=year%3A%221926%22&\[\]=year%3A%221920%22&\[\]=year%3A%221916%22](https://archive.org/details/78rpm?sin=&[]=Cole+Porter&[]=year%3A%221930%22&[]=year%3A%221929%22&[]=year%3A%221928%22&[]=year%3A%221927%22&[]=year%3A%221926%22&[]=year%3A%221920%22&[]=year%3A%221916%22)



W. B. Yeats

CATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN

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PERSONS IN THE PLAY

PETER GILLANE

MICHAEL GILLANE, _his Son, going to be married_

PATRICK GILLANE, _a lad of twelve, Michael's Brother_

BRIDGET GILLANE, _Peter's Wife_

DELIA CAHEL, _engaged to Michael_

THE POOR OLD WOMAN

Neighbours

CATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN

_Interior of a cottage close to Killala, in 1798.

BRIDGET is standing at a table undoing a parcel. PETER is sitting at one side of the fire, PATRICK at the other._

PETER.

What is that sound I hear?

PATRICK.

I don't hear anything. [_He listens._] I hear it now. It's like cheering. [_He goes to the window and looks out._] I wonder what they are cheering about. I don't see anybody.

PETER.

It might be a hurling.

PATRICK.

There's no hurling to-day. It must be down in the town the cheering is.

BRIDGET.

I suppose the boys must be having some sport of their own. Come over here, Peter, and look at Michael's wedding-clothes.

PETER [_shifts his chair to table_].

Those are grand clothes, indeed.

BRIDGET.

You hadn't clothes like that when you married me, and no coat to put on of a Sunday more than any other day.

PETER.

That is true, indeed. We never thought a son of our own would be wearing a suit of that sort for his wedding, or have so good a place to bring a wife to.

PATRICK [_who is still at the window_].

There's an old woman coming down the road. I don't know is it here she is coming?

BRIDGET.

It will be a neighbour coming to hear about Michael's wedding. Can you see who it is?

PATRICK.

I think it is a stranger, but she's not coming to the house. She's turned into the gap that goes down where Murteen and his sons are shearing sheep. [_He turns towards BRIDGET._] Do you remember what Winny of the Cross Roads was saying the other night about the strange woman that goes through the country whatever time there's war or trouble coming?

BRIDGET.

Don't be bothering us about Winny's talk, but go and open the door for your brother. I hear him coming up the path.

PETER.

I hope he has brought Delia's fortune with him safe, for fear her people might go back on the bargain and I after making it. Trouble enough I had making it.

[_PATRICK opens the door and MICHAEL comes in._]

BRIDGET.

What kept you, Michael? We were looking out for you this long time.

MICHAEL.

I went round by the priest's house to bid him be ready to marry us to-morrow.

BRIDGET.

Did he say anything?

MICHAEL.

He said it was a very nice match, and that he was never better pleased to marry any two in his parish than myself and Delia Cahel.

PETER.

Have you got the fortune, Michael?

MICHAEL.

Here it is.

[_MICHAEL puts bag on table and goes over and leans against chimney-jamb. BRIDGET, who has been all this time examining the clothes, pulling the seams and

trying the lining of the pockets, etc., puts the clothes on the dresser._

PETER.

[_ Getting up and taking the bag in his hand and turning out the money._]

Yes, I made the bargain well for you, Michael. Old John Cahel would sooner have kept a share of this a while longer. 'Let me keep the half of it until the first boy is born,' says he. 'You will not,' says I. 'Whether there is or is not a boy, the whole hundred pounds must be in Michael's hands before he brings your daughter to the house.' The wife spoke to him then, and he gave in at the end.

BRIDGET.

You seem well pleased to be handling the money, Peter.

PETER.

Indeed, I wish I had had the luck to get a hundred pounds, or twenty pounds itself, with the wife I married.

BRIDGET.

Well, if I didn't bring much I didn't get much. What had you the day I married you but a flock of hens and you feeding them, and a few lambs and you driving them to the market at Ballina. [_ She is vexed and bangs a jug on the dresser._] If I brought no fortune I worked it out in my bones, laying down the baby, Michael that is standing there now, on a stook of straw, while I dug the potatoes, and never asking big dresses or anything but to be working.

PETER.

That is true, indeed. [_ He pats her arm._]

BRIDGET.

Leave me alone now till I ready the house for the woman that is to come into it.

PETER.

You are the best woman in Ireland, but money is good, too. [_ He begins handling the money again and sits down._] I never thought to see so much money within my four walls. We can do great things now we have it. We can take the ten acres of land we have a chance of since Jamsie

Dempsey died, and stock it. We will go to the fair of Ballina to buy the stock. Did Delia ask any of the money for her own use, Michael?

MICHAEL.

She did not, indeed. She did not seem to take much notice of it, or to look at it at all.

BRIDGET.

That's no wonder. Why would she look at it when she had yourself to look at, a fine, strong young man? it is proud she must be to get you; a good steady boy that will make use of the money, and not be running through it or spending it on drink like another.

PETER.

It's likely Michael himself was not thinking much of the fortune either, but of what sort the girl was to look at.

MICHAEL [_coming over towards the table_].

Well, you would like a nice comely girl to be beside you, and to go walking with you. The fortune only lasts for a while, but the woman will be there always.

PATRICK [_turning round from the window_].

They are cheering again down in the town. Maybe they are landing horses from Enniscrone. They do be cheering when the horses take the water well.

MICHAEL.

There are no horses in it. Where would they be going and no fair at hand? Go down to the town, Patrick, and see what is going on.

PATRICK.

[_Opens the door to go out, but stops for a moment on the threshold._]

Will Delia remember, do you think, to bring the greyhound pup she promised me when she would be coming to the house?

MICHAEL.

She will surely.

[_PATRICK goes out, leaving the door open._

PETER.

It will be Patrick's turn next to be looking for a fortune, but he won't find it so easy to get it and he with no place of his own.

BRIDGET.

I do be thinking sometimes, now things are going so well with us, and the Cahels such a good back to us in the district, and Delia's own uncle a priest, we might be put in the way of making Patrick a priest some day, and he so good at his books.

PETER.

Time enough, time enough, you have always your head full of plans, Bridget.

BRIDGET.

We will be well able to give him learning, and not to send him tramping the country like a poor scholar that lives on charity.

MICHAEL.

They're not done cheering yet.

[_He goes over to the door and stands there for a moment, putting up his hand to shade his eyes._

BRIDGET.

Do you see anything?

MICHAEL.

I see an old woman coming up the path.

BRIDGET.

Who is it, I wonder? It must be the strange woman Patrick saw a while ago.

MICHAEL.

I don't think it's one of the neighbours anyway, but she has her cloak over her face.

BRIDGET.

It might be some poor woman heard we were making ready for the wedding and came to look for her share.

PETER.

I may as well put the money out of sight. There is no use leaving it out for every stranger to look at.

[_He goes over to a large box in the corner, opens it and puts the bag in and fumbles at the lock._

MICHAEL.

There she is, father! [_An _Old Woman_ passes the window slowly, she looks at MICHAEL as she passes._] I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before my wedding.

BRIDGET.

Open the door, Michael; don't keep the poor woman waiting.

[_The OLD WOMAN comes in. MICHAEL stands aside to make way for her._

OLD WOMAN.

God save all here!

PETER.

God save you kindly!

OLD WOMAN.

You have good shelter here.

PETER.

You are welcome to whatever shelter we have.

BRIDGET.

Sit down there by the fire and welcome.

OLD WOMAN [_warming her hands_].

There is a hard wind outside.

[MICHAEL watches her curiously from the door. PETER comes over to the table. _

PETER.

Have you travelled far to-day?

OLD WOMAN.

I have travelled far, very far; there are few have travelled so far as myself, and there's many a one that doesn't make me welcome. There was one that had strong sons I thought were friends of mine, but they were shearing their sheep, and they wouldn't listen to me.

PETER.

It's a pity indeed for any person to have no place of their own.

OLD WOMAN.

That's true for you indeed, and it's long I'm on the roads since I first went wandering.

BRIDGET.

It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN.

Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet, they think old age has come on me and that all the stir has gone out of me. But when the trouble is on me I must be talking to my friends.

BRIDGET.

What was it put you wandering?

OLD WOMAN.

Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET.

Indeed you look as if you'd had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN.

I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET.

What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN.

My land that was taken from me.

PETER.

Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN.

My four beautiful green fields.

PETER [_ aside to BRIDGET_].

Do you think could she be the widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglass a while ago?

BRIDGET.

She is not. I saw the widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout fresh woman.

PETER [_ to OLD WOMAN_].

Did you hear a noise of cheering, and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN.

I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me.

[_ She begins singing half to herself._

I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neckcloth,
And a white cloth on his head,——

MICHAEL [_ coming from the door_].

What is that you are singing, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN.

Singing I am about a man I knew one time, yellow-haired Donough that
was hanged in Galway. [_She goes on singing, much louder._

I am come to cry with you, woman,
My hair is unwound and unbound;
I remember him ploughing his field,
Turning up the red side of the ground,

And building his barn on the hill
With the good mortared stone;
O! we'd have pulled down the gallows
Had it happened in Enniscrone!

MICHAEL.

What was it brought him to his death?

OLD WOMAN.

He died for love of me: many a man has died for love of me.

PETER [_aside to BRIDGET_].

Her trouble has put her wits astray.

MICHAEL.

Is it long since that song was made? Is it long since he got his death?

OLD WOMAN.

Not long, not long. But there were others that died for love of me a
long time ago.

MICHAEL.

Were they neighbours of your own, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN.

Come here beside me and I'll tell you about them. [_MICHAEL sits down
beside her at the hearth. _] There was a red man of the O'Donnells from
the north, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the south, and there was
one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a
great many in the west, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there
are some that will die to-morrow.

MICHAEL.

Is it in the west that men will die to-morrow?

OLD WOMAN.

Come nearer, nearer to me.

BRIDGET.

Is she right, do you think? Or is she a woman from beyond the world?

PETER.

She doesn't know well what she's talking about, with the want and the trouble she has gone through.

BRIDGET.

The poor thing, we should treat her well.

PETER.

Give her a drink of milk and a bit of the oaten cake.

BRIDGET.

Maybe we should give her something along with that, to bring her on her way. A few pence or a shilling itself, and we with so much money in the house.

PETER.

Indeed I'd not begrudge it to her if we had it to spare, but if we go running through what we have, we'll soon have to break the hundred pounds, and that would be a pity.

BRIDGET.

Shame on you, Peter. Give her the shilling and your blessing with it, or our own luck will go from us.

[_PETER goes to the box and takes out a shilling._]

BRIDGET [_to the OLD WOMAN_].

Will you have a drink of milk, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN.

It is not food or drink that I want.

PETER [_ offering the shilling_].

Here is something for you.

OLD WOMAN.

This is not what I want. It is not silver I want.

PETER.

What is it you would be asking for?

OLD WOMAN.

If anyone would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all.

[_ PETER goes over to the table staring at the shilling in his hand in a bewildered way, and stands whispering to BRIDGET._

MICHAEL.

Have you no one to care you in your age, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN.

I have not. With all the lovers that brought me their love, I never set out the bed for any.

MICHAEL.

Are you lonely going the roads, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN.

I have my thoughts and I have my hopes.

MICHAEL.

What hopes have you to hold to?

OLD WOMAN.

The hope of getting my beautiful fields back again; the hope of putting the strangers out of my house.

MICHAEL.

What way will you do that, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN.

I have good friends that will help me. They are gathering to help me now. I am not afraid. If they are put down to-day they will get the upper hand to-morrow. [_ She gets up. _] I must be going to meet my friends. They are coming to help me and I must be there to welcome them. I must call the neighbours together to welcome them.

MICHAEL.

I will go with you.

BRIDGET.

It is not her friends you have to go and welcome, Michael; it is the girl coming into the house you have to welcome. You have plenty to do, it is food and drink you have to bring to the house. The woman that is coming home is not coming with empty hands; you would not have an empty house before her. [_ To the OLD WOMAN. _] Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN.

It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER [_ to BRIDGET _].

Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET.

You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN.

Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

PETER.

I think I knew someone of that name once. Who was it, I wonder? It must have been someone I knew when I was a boy. No, no; I remember, I heard it in a song.

OLD WOMAN.

[_Who is standing in the doorway._]

They are wondering that there were songs made for me; there have been many songs made for me. I heard one on the wind this morning.

[_Sings._] Do not make a great keening
When the graves have been dug to-morrow.
Do not call the white-scarfed riders
To the burying that shall be to-morrow.
Do not spread food to call strangers
To the wakes that shall be to-morrow;
Do not give money for prayers
For the dead that shall die to-morrow ...

they will have no need of prayers, they will have no need of prayers.

MICHAEL.

I do not know what that song means, but tell me something I can do for you.

PETER.

Come over to me, Michael.

MICHAEL.

Hush, father, listen to her.

OLD WOMAN.

It is a hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked; many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs and the rushes, will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries; many a good plan will be broken; many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its christening to give it a name. They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that, they will think they are well paid.

[_She goes out; her voice is heard outside singing._]

They shall be remembered for ever,
They shall be alive for ever,
They shall be speaking for ever,
The people shall hear them for ever.

BRIDGET [_to PETER_].

Look at him, Peter; he has the look of a man that has got the touch.
[_Raising her voice._] Look here, Michael, at the wedding clothes.
Such grand clothes as these are! You have a right to fit them on now,
it would be a pity to-morrow if they did not fit. The boys would be
laughing at you. Take them, Michael, and go into the room and fit them
on.

[_She puts them on his arm._

MICHAEL.

What wedding are you talking of? What clothes will I be wearing
to-morrow?

BRIDGET.

These are the clothes you are going to wear when you marry Delia Cahel
to-morrow.

MICHAEL.

I had forgotten that.

[_He looks at the clothes and turns towards the inner
room, but stops at the sound of cheering outside._

PETER.

There is the shouting come to our own door. What is it has happened?

[Neighbours_ come crowding in, PATRICK and DELIA with
them._

PATRICK.

There are ships in the Bay; the French are landing at Killala!

[_PETER takes his pipe from his mouth and his hat off
and stands up. The clothes slip from MICHAEL'S arm._

DELIA.

Michael! [_He takes no notice._] Michael! [_He turns towards her._] Why
do you look at me like a stranger?

[_She drops his arm. BRIDGET goes over towards her._

PATRICK.

The boys are all hurrying down the hill-sides to join the French.

DELIA.

Michael won't be going to join the French.

BRIDGET [_ to PETER_].

Tell him not to go, Peter.

PETER.

It's no use. He doesn't hear a word we're saying.

BRIDGET.

Try and coax him over to the fire.

DELIA.

Michael, Michael! You won't leave me! You won't join the French, and we going to be married!

[_ She puts her arms about him, he turns towards her as if about to yield._

OLD WOMAN'S _voice outside_.

They shall be speaking for ever,
The people shall hear them for ever.

[_ MICHAEL breaks away from DELIA, stands for a second at the door, then rushes out, following the OLD WOMAN'S voice. BRIDGET takes DELIA, who is crying silently, into her arms._

PETER.

[_ To PATRICK, laying a hand on his arm._]

Did you see an old woman going down the path?

PATRICK.

I did not, but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen.

(End)



Harriet Beecher Stowe

THE GRAND TOUR UP RIVER.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Palmetto-Leaves*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe

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The St. John's is the grand water-highway through some of the most beautiful portions of Florida; and tourists, safely seated at ease on the decks of steamers, can penetrate into the mysteries and wonders of unbroken tropical forests.

During the "season," boats continually run from Jacksonville to Enterprise, and back again; the round trip being made for a moderate sum, and giving, in a very easy and comparatively inexpensive manner, as much of the peculiar scenery as mere tourists care to see. On returning, a digression is often made at Tekoi, where passengers cross a horse-railroad of fifteen miles to St. Augustine; thus rendering their survey of East Florida more complete. In fact, what may be seen and known of the State in such a trip is about all that the majority of tourists see and know.

The great majority also perform this trip, and see this region, in the dead of winter, when certainly one-half of the glorious forests upon the shore are bare of leaves.

It is true that the great number of evergreen-trees here make the shores at all times quite different from those of a Northern climate; yet the difference between spring and winter is as great here as there.

Our party were resolute in declining all invitations to join parties in January, February, and March; being determined to wait till the new

spring foliage was in its glory.

When the magnolia-flowers were beginning to blossom, we were ready, and took passage--a joyous party of eight or ten individuals--on the steamer "Darlington," commanded by Capt. Broch, and, as is often asserted, by "Commodore Rose."

This latter, in this day of woman's rights, is no mean example of female energy and vigor. She is stewardess of the boat, and magnifies her office. She is a colored woman, once a slave owned by Capt. Broch, but emancipated, as the story goes, for her courage, and presence of mind, in saving his life in a steamboat disaster.

Rose is short and thick, weighing some two or three hundred, with a brown complexion, and a pleasing face and fine eyes. Her voice, like that of most colored women, is soft, and her manner of speaking pleasing. All this, however, relates to her demeanor when making the agreeable to passengers. In other circumstances, doubtless, she can speak louder, and with considerable more emphasis; and show, in short, those martial attributes which have won for her the appellation of the "Commodore." It is asserted that the whole charge of provisioning and running the boat, and all its internal arrangements, vests in Madam Rose; and that nobody can get ahead of her in a bargain, or resist her will in an arrangement.

She knows every inch of the river, every house, every plantation along shore, its former or present occupants and history; and is always ready with an answer to a question. The arrangement and keeping of the boat do honor to her. Nowhere in Florida does the guest sit at a more bountifully-furnished table. Our desserts and pastry were really, for the wilderness, something quite astonishing.

The St. John's River below Pilatka has few distinguishing features to mark it out from other great rivers. It is so wide, that the foliage of the shores cannot be definitely made out; and the tourist here, expecting his palm-trees and his magnolias and flowering-vines, is disappointed by sailing in what seems a never-ending great lake, where the shores are off in the distance too far to make out any thing in particular. But, after leaving Pilatka, the river grows narrower, the overhanging banks approach nearer, and the foliage becomes more decidedly tropical in its character. Our boat, after touching as usual at Hibernia, Magnolia, and Green Cove, brought up at Pilatka late in the afternoon, made but a short stop, and was on her way again.

It was the first part of May; and the forests were in that fulness of leafy perfection which they attain in the month of June at the North. But there is a peculiar, vivid brilliancy about the green of the new spring-leaves here, which we never saw elsewhere. It is a brilliancy like some of the new French greens, now so much in vogue, and reminding

one of the metallic brightness of birds and insects. In the woods, the cypress is a singular and beautiful feature. It attains to a great age and immense size. The trunk and branches of an old cypress are smooth and white as ivory, while its light, feathery foliage is of the most dazzling golden-green; and rising, as it often does, amid clumps of dark varnished evergreens,--bay and magnolia and myrtle,--it has a singular and beautiful effect. The long swaying draperies of the gray moss interpose everywhere their wavering outlines and pearl tints amid the brightness and bloom of the forest, giving to its deep recesses the mystery of grottoes hung with fanciful vegetable stalactites.

The palmetto-tree appears in all stages,--from its earliest growth, when it looks like a fountain of great, green fan-leaves bursting from the earth, to its perfect shape, when, sixty or seventy feet in height, it rears its fan crown high in air. The oldest trees may be known by a perfectly smooth trunk; all traces of the scaly formation by which it has built itself up in ring after ring of leaves being obliterated. But younger trees, thirty or forty feet in height, often show a trunk which seems to present a regular criss-cross of basket-work,--the remaining scales from whence the old leaves have decayed and dropped away. These scaly trunks are often full of ferns, wild flowers, and vines, which hang in fantastic draperies down their sides, and form leafy and flowery pillars. The palmetto-hammocks, as they are called, are often miles in extent along the banks of the rivers. The tops of the palms rise up round in the distance as so many hay-cocks, and seeming to rise one above another far as the eye can reach.

We have never been so fortunate as to be able to explore one of these palmetto-groves. The boat sails with a provoking quickness by many a scene that one longs to dwell upon, study, and investigate. We have been told, however, by hunters, that they afford admirable camping-ground, being generally high and dry, with a flooring of clean white sand. Their broad leaves are a perfect protection from rain and dew; and the effect of the glare of the campfires and torch-lights on the tall pillars, and waving, fan-like canopy overhead, is said to be perfectly magical. The most unromantic and least impressible speak of it with enthusiasm.

In going up the river, darkness overtook us shortly after leaving Pilatka. We sat in a golden twilight, and saw the shores every moment becoming more beautiful; but when the twilight faded, and there was no moon, we sought the repose of our cabin. It was sultry as August, although only the first part of May; and our younger and sprightlier members, who were on the less breezy side of the boat, after fruitlessly trying to sleep, arose and dressed themselves, and sat all night on deck.

By this means they saw a sight worth seeing, and one which we should have watched all night to see. The boat's course at night is through narrows of the river, where we could hear the crashing and crackling of

bushes and trees, and sometimes a violent thud, as the boat, in turning a winding, struck against the bank. On the forward part two great braziers were kept filled with blazing, resinous light-wood, to guide the pilot in the path of the boat. The effect of this glare of red light as the steamer passed through the palmetto hummocks and moss-hung grottoes of the forest was something that must have been indescribably weird and beautiful; and our young friends made us suitably regret that our more airy sleeping-accommodations had lost us this experience.

In the morning we woke at Enterprise, having come through all the most beautiful and characteristic part of the way by night. Enterprise is some hundred and thirty miles south of our dwelling-place in Mandarin; and, of course, that much nearer the tropical regions. We had planned excursions, explorations, picnics in the woods, and a visit to the beautiful spring in the neighborhood; but learned with chagrin that the boat made so short a stay, that none of these things were possible. The only thing that appears to the naked eye of a steamboat traveller in Enterprise is a large hotel down upon the landing, said by those who have tested it to be one of the best kept hotels in Florida. The aspect of the shore just there is no way picturesque or inviting, but has more that forlorn, ragged, desolate air that new settlements on the river are apt to have. The wild, untouched banks are beautiful; but the new settlements generally succeed in destroying all Nature's beauty, and give you only leafless, girdled trees, blackened stumps, and naked white sand, in return.

Turning our boat homeward, we sailed in clear morning light back through the charming scenery which we had slept through the night before. It is the most wild, dream-like, enchanting sail conceivable. The river sometimes narrows so that the boat brushes under overhanging branches, and then widens into beautiful lakes dotted with wooded islands. Palmetto-hammocks, live-oak groves, cypress, pine, bay, and magnolia form an interchanging picture; vines hang festooned from tree to tree; wild flowers tempt the eye on the near banks; and one is constantly longing for the boat to delay here or there: but on goes her steady course, the pictured scene around constantly changing. Every now and then the woods break away for a little space, and one sees orange and banana orchards, and houses evidently newly built. At many points the boat landed, and put off kegs of nails, hoes, ploughs, provisions, groceries. Some few old plantations were passed, whose name and history seemed familiar to Madam Rose; but by far the greater number were new settlements, with orchards of quite young trees, which will require three or four more years to bring into bearing.

The greater number of fruit-orchards and settlements were on the eastern shore of the river, which, for the reasons we have spoken of, is better adapted to the culture of fruit.

One annoyance on board the boat was the constant and pertinacious firing

kept up by that class of men who think that the chief end of man is to shoot something. Now, we can put up with good earnest hunting or fishing done for the purpose of procuring for man food, or even the fur and feathers that hit his fancy and taste.

But we detest indiscriminate and purposeless maiming and killing of happy animals, who have but one life to live, and for whom the agony of broken bones or torn flesh is a helpless, hopeless pain, unrelieved by any of the resources which enable us to endure. A parcel of hulking fellows sit on the deck of a boat, and pass through the sweetest paradise God ever made, without one idea of its loveliness, one gentle, sympathizing thought of the animal happiness with which the Creator has filled these recesses. All the way along is a constant fusillade upon every living thing that shows itself on the bank. Now a bird is hit, and hangs, head downward, with a broken wing; and a coarse laugh choruses the deed. Now an alligator is struck; and the applause is greater. We once saw a harmless young alligator, whose dying struggles, as he threw out his poor little black paws piteously like human hands, seemed to be vastly diverting to these cultivated individuals. They wanted nothing of him except to see how he would act when he was hit, dying agonies are so very amusing!

Now and then these sons of Nimrod in their zeal put in peril the nerves, if not lives, of passengers. One such actually fired at an alligator right across a crowd of ladies, many of them invalids; and persisted in so firing a second time, after having been requested to desist. If the object were merely to show the skill of the marksman, why not practise upon inanimate objects? An old log looks much like an alligator: why not practise on an old log? It requires as much skill to hit a branch, as the bird singing on it: why not practise on the branch? But no: it must be something that _enjoys_ and can suffer; something that loves life, and must lose it. Certainly this is an inherent savagery difficult to account for. Killing for killing's sake belongs not even to the tiger. The tiger kills for food; man, for amusement.

At evening we were again at Pilatka; when the great question was discussed, Would we, or would we not, take the tour up the Okalewaha to see the enchanted wonders of the Silver Spring! The Okalewaha boat lay at the landing; and we went to look at it. The Okalewaha is a deep, narrow stream, by the by, emptying into the St. John's, with a course as crooked as Apollo's ram's horn; and a boat has been constructed for the express purpose of this passage.

The aspect of this same boat on a hot night was not inspiriting. It was low, long, and narrow; its sides were rubbed glassy smooth, or torn and creased by the friction of the bushes and trees it had pushed through. It was without glass windows,--which would be of no use in such navigation,--and, in place thereof, furnished with strong shutters to close the air-holes. We looked at this same thing as it lay like a

gigantic coffin in the twilight, and thought even the Silver Spring would not pay for being immured there, and turned away.

A more inviting project was to step into a sail-boat, and be taken in the golden twilight over to Col. Harte's orange-grove, which is said--with reason, we believe--to be the finest in Florida.

We landed in the twilight in this grove of six hundred beautiful orange-trees in as high condition as the best culture could make them. The well-fed orange-tree is known by the glossy, deep green of its foliage, as a declining tree is by the yellow tinge of its leaves. These trees looked as if each leaf, if broken, would spurt with juice. Piles of fish-guano and shell banks, prepared as top-dress for the orchard, were lying everywhere about, mingling not agreeably with the odor of orange-blossoms. We thought to ourselves, that, if the orange-orchard must be fed upon putrefying fish, we should prefer not to have a house in it. The employee who has charge of the orchard lives in a densely-shaded cottage in the edge of it. A large fruit-house has recently been built there; and the experiments of Col. Harte seem to demonstrate, that, even if there occur severe frosts in the early winter, there is no sort of need, therefore, of losing the orange-crop. His agent showed us oranges round and fair that had been kept three months in moss in this fruit-house, and looking as fresh and glossy as those upon the trees. This, if proved by experience, always possible, does away with the only uncertainty relating to the orange-crop. Undoubtedly the fruit is far better to continue all winter on the trees, and be gathered from time to time as wanted, as has always been the practice in Florida. But, with fruit-houses and moss, it will be possible, in case of a threatened fall of temperature, to secure the crop. The oranges that come to us from Malaga and Sicily are green as grass when gathered and packed, and ripen, as much as they do ripen, on the voyage over. We should suppose the oranges of Florida might be gathered much nearer ripe in the fall, ripen in the house or on the way, and still be far better than any from the foreign market. On this point fruit-growers are now instituting experiments, which, we trust, will make this delicious crop certain as it is abundant.

Sailing back across the water, we landed, and were conveyed to the winter country-seat of a Brooklyn gentleman, who is with great enthusiasm cultivating a place there. It was almost dark; and we could only hear of his gardens and grounds and improvements, not see them. In the morning, before the boat left the landing, he took us a hasty drive around the streets of the little village. It is an unusually pretty, attractive-looking place for a Florida settlement. One reason for this is, that the streets and vacant lots are covered with a fine green turf, which, at a distance, looks like our New-England grass. It is a mixture of Bermuda grass with a variety of herbage, and has just as good general effect as if it were the best red-top.

There are several fine residences in and around Pilatka,--mostly winter-seats of Northern settlers. The town has eight stores, which do a business for all the surrounding country for miles. It has two large hotels, several boarding-houses, two churches, two steam saw-mills, and is the headquarters for the steamboats of the Upper St. John's and its tributaries. Four or five steamers from different quarters are often stopping at its wharf at a time. "The Dictator" and "City Point," from Charleston, run to this place outside by the ocean passage, and, entering the mouth of the St. John's, stop at Jacksonville by the way. The "Nick King" and "Lizzie Baker," in like manner, make what is called the inside trip, skimming through the network of islands that line the coast, and bringing up at the same points. Then there are the river-lines continually plying between Jacksonville and this place, and the small boats that run weekly to the Ocklawaha: all these make Pilatka a busy, lively, and important place.

With Pilatka the interest of our return-voyage finished. With Green-Cove Springs, Magnolia, Hibernia, at all of which we touched on our way back, we were already familiar; and the best sight of all was the cottage under the oaks, to which we gladly returned.



A handwritten signature of Igor Stravinsky in dark ink. The signature is stylized and cursive, with the first name 'Igor' clearly visible at the beginning.

Stravinsky

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Musical Portraits*, by Paul Rosenfeld

<https://archive.org/details/FirebirdSuite1945Iv.-v.stravinsky1967>

<https://archive.org/details/STRAVINSKYLeSacreDuPrintemps1940-NEWTRANSFER>

The new steel organs of man have begotten their music in "Le Sacre du printemps." For with Stravinsky, the rhythms of machinery enter musical art. With this his magistral work a new chapter of music commences, the spiritualization of the new body of man is manifest. Through Debussy, music had liquified, become opalescent and impalpable and fluent. It had become, because of his sense, his generation's sense, of the infirmity of things, a sort of symbol of the eternal flux, the eternal momentariness. It had come to body forth all that merges and changes and disappears, to mirror the incessant departures and evanescences of life, to shape itself upon the infinitely subtle play of light, the restless, heaving, foaming surface of the sea, the impalpable racks of perfume, upon gusts of wind and fading sounds, upon all the ephemeral wonder of the world. But through Stravinsky, there has come to be a music stylistically well-nigh the reverse of that of the impressionists. Through him, music has become again cubical, lapidary, massive, mechanistic. Scintillation is gone out of it. The delicate, sinuous melodic line, the glamorous sheeny harmonies, are gone out of it. The elegance of Debussy, the golden sensuality, the quiet, classic touch, are flown. Instead, there are come to be great, weighty, metallic

masses, molten piles and sheets of steel and iron, shining adamantine bulks. Contours are become grim, severe, angular. Melodies are sharp, rigid, asymmetrical. Chords are uncouth, square clusters of notes, stout and solid as the pillars that support roofs, heavy as the thuds of triphammers. Above all, there is rhythm, rhythm rectangular and sheer and emphatic, rhythm that lunges and beats and reiterates and dances with all the steely perfect tirelessness of the machine, shoots out and draws back, shoots upward and shoots down, with the inhuman motion of titanic arms of steel. Indeed, the change is as radical, as complete, as though in the midst of moonlit noble gardens a giant machine had arisen swiftly from the ground and inundated the night with electrical glare and set its metal thews and organs and joints relentlessly whirring, relentlessly functioning.

And yet, the two styles, Debussy's and Strawinsky's, are related. Indeed, they are complementary. They are the reactions to the same stimulus of two fundamentally different types of mind. No doubt, between the two men there exist differences besides those of their general fashions of thinking. The temper of Debussy was profoundly sensuous and aristocratic and contained. That of Strawinsky is nervous and ironic and violent. The one man issued from an unbroken tradition, was produced by generations and generations of gentlemen. The other is one of those beings who seem to have been called into existence solely by the modern way of life, by express trains and ocean greyhounds, by the shrinkage of continents and the vibration of the twentieth-century world. But the chief difference, the difference that made "*Le Sacre du printemps*" almost antithetical to "*Pelléas et Mélisande*," is essentially the divergence between two cardinal manners of apprehending life. Debussy, on the one hand, seems to be of the sort of men in whom the center of conscience is, figuratively, sunken; one of those who have within themselves some immobility that makes the people and the things about them appear fleeting and unreal. For such, the world is a far distant thing, lying out on the rims of consciousness, delicate and impermanent as sunset hues or the lights and gestures of the dream. The music of Debussy is the magistral and classic picture of this distant and glamorous procession, this illusory and fantastical and transparent show, this thing that changes from moment to moment and is never twice the same, and flows away from us so quickly. But Strawinsky, on the other hand, is in the very midst of the thing so distant from the other man. For him, the material world is very real, sharp, immediate. He loves it, enjoys it, is excited by its many forms. He is vividly responsive to its traffic. Things make an immediate and biting impression on him, stimulate in him pleasure and pain. He feels their edge and knows it hard, feels their weight and knows it heavy, feels their motion in all its violence. There is in Strawinsky an almost frenetic delight in the processes that go on about him. He goes through the crowded thoroughfares, through cluttered places, through factories, hotels, wharves, sits in railway trains, and the glare and tumult and pulsation, the engines and locomotives and cranes, the whole mad

phantasmagoria of the modern city, evoke images in him, inflame him to reproduce them in all their weight and girth and mass, their blackness and luridness and power. The most vulgar things and events excite him. The traffic, the restlessness of crowds, the noise of vehicles, of the clatter of horses on the asphalt, of human cries and calls sounding above the street-bass, a couple of organ grinders trying to outplay each other, a brass band coming down the avenue, the thunder of a railway train hurling itself over leagues of steel, the sirens of steamboats and locomotives, the overtones of factory whistles, the roar of cities and harbors, become music to him. In one of his early orchestral sketches, he imitates the buzzing of a hive of bees. One of his miniatures for string-quartet bangs with the beat of the wooden shoes of peasants dancing to the snarling tones of a bagpipe. Another reproduces the droning of the priest in a little chapel, recreates the scene almost cruelly. And the score of "Petruchka" is alive marvelously with the rank, garish life of a cheap fair. Its bubbling flutes, seething instrumental caldron, concertina-rhythms and bright, gaudy colors conjure up the movement of the crowds that surge about the amusement booths, paint to the life the little flying flags, the gestures of the showmen, the bright balloons, the shooting-galleries, the gipsy tents, the crudely stained canvas walls, the groups of coachmen and servant girls and children in their holiday finery. At moments one can even smell the sausages frying.

For Stravinsky is one of those composers, found scattered all along the pathway of his art, who augment the expressiveness of music through direct imitation of nature. His imagination seems to be free, bound in nowise by what other men have adjudged music to be, and by what their practice has made it seem. He comes to his art without prejudice or preconception of any kind, it appears. He plays with its elements as capriciously as the child plays with paper and crayons. He amuses himself with each instrument of the band careless of its customary uses. There are times when Stravinsky comes into the solemn conclave of musicians like a gamin with trumpet and drum. He disports himself with the infinitely dignified string-quartet, makes it do light and acrobatic things. There is one interlude of "Petruchka" that is written for snare-drums alone. His work is incrustated with cheap waltzes and barrel-organ tunes. It is gamy and racy in style; full of musical slang. He makes the orchestra imitate the quavering of an old hurdy-gurdy. Of late he has written a ballet for eight clowns. And he is reported to have said, "I should like to bring it about that music be performed in street-cars, while people get out and get in." For he finds his greatest enemy in the concert-room, that rut that limits the play of the imagination of audiences, that fortress in which all of the intentions of the men of the past have established themselves, and from which they dominate the musical present. The concert-room has succeeded in making music a drug, a sedative, has created a "musical attitude" in folk that is false, and robbed musical art of its power. For Stravinsky music is either an infection, the communication of a lyrical impulse, or

nothing at all. And so he would have it performed in ordinary places of congregation, at fairs, in taverns, music-halls, street-cars, if you will, in order to enable it to function freely once again. His art is pointed to quicken, to infect, to begin an action that the listener must complete within himself. It is a sort of musical shorthand. On paper, it has a fragmentary look. It is as though Strawinsky had sought to reduce the elements of music to their sharpest and simplest terms, had hoped that the "development" would be made by the audience. He seems to feel that if he cannot achieve his end, the communication of his lyrical impulse, with a single strong _motif_, a single strong movement of tones, a single rhythmic start, he cannot achieve it at all. So we find him writing songs, the three Japanese lyrics, for instance, that are epigrammatic in their brevity; a piece for string-quartet that is played in fifty seconds; a three-act opera that can be performed in thirty minutes.

But it is no experiment in form that he is making. He seems to bring into music some of the power of the Chinese artists who, in the painting of a twig, or of a pair of blossoms, represent the entire springtide. He has written some of the freshest, most rippling, delicate music. Scarcely a living man has written more freshly or humorously. April, the flowering branches, the snowing petals, the clouds high in the blue, are really in the shrilling little orchestra of the Japanese lyrics, in the green, gurgling flutes and watery violins. None of the innumerable Spring Symphonies, Spring Overtures, Spring Songs, are really more vernal, more soaked in the gentle sunshine of spring, are more really the seed-time, than the six naïve piping measures of melody that introduce the figure of the "Sacre" entitled "Rondes printanières." No doubt, in venturing to write music so bold and original in esthetic, Strawinsky was encouraged by the example of another musician, another Russian composer. Moussorgsky, before him, had trusted in his own innocence instead of in the wisdom of the fathers of the musical church, had dared obey the promptings of his own blood and set down chords, melodies, rhythms, just as they sang in his skull, though all the world rise up to damn him. But the penning of music as jagged, cubical, barbarous as the prelude to the third act of Strawinsky's little opera, "The Nightingale," or as naked, uncouth, rectangular, rocklike, polyharmonic, headlong, as some of that of "Le Sacre du printemps" required no less perfect a conviction, no less great a self-reliance. The music of Strawinsky is the expression of an innocence comparable indeed to that of his great predecessor. "Le Sacre du printemps" is what its composer termed it. It is "an act of faith."

And so, free of preconceptions, Strawinsky was able to let nature move him to imitation. Just as Picasso brings twentieth-century nature into his still lives, so the young composer brings it into his music. It is the rhythm of machinery that has set Strawinsky the artist free. All his life he has been conscious of these steel men. Mechanical things have influenced his art from the beginning. It is as though machinery had

revealed him to himself, as though sight of the functioning of these metal organisms, themselves but the extension of human bones and muscles and organs, had awakened into play the engine that is his proper body. For, as James Oppenheim has put it in the introduction to "The Book of Self," "Man's body is just as large as his tools, for a tool is merely an extension of muscle and bone; a wheel is a swifter foot, a derrick a greater hand. Consequently, in the early part of the century, the race found itself with a new gigantic body." It is as though the infection of the dancing, lunging, pumping piston-rods, walking beams, drills, has awakened out of Strawinsky a response and given him his power to beat out rhythm. The machine has always fascinated him. One of his first original compositions, written while he was yet a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff's, imitates fireworks, distinguishes what is human in their activity, in the popping, hissing, exploding, in the hysterical weeping of the fiery fountains, the proud exhibitions and sudden collapses of the pin-wheels. It is the machine, enemy of man, that is pictured by "The Nightingale," that curious work of which one act dates from 1909, and two from 1914. Strawinsky had the libretto formed on the tale of Hans Christian Andersen which recounts the adventures of the little brown bird that sings so beautifully that the Emperor of China bids it to his court. Strawinsky's nightingale, too, comes to the palace and sings, and all the ladies of the entourage fill their mouths with water in the hopes of better imitating the warbling of the songster. But then there enter envoys bearing the gift of the Emperor of Japan, a mechanical nightingale that amuses the court with its clockwork antics. Once more the emperor commands the woodland bird to sing. But it is flown. In his rage the emperor banishes it from his realm. Then Death comes and sits at the emperor's bedside, and steals from him crown and scepter, till, of a sudden, the Nightingale returns, and sings, and makes Death relinquish his spoils. And the courtiers who come into the imperial bedchamber expecting to find the monarch dead, find him well and glad in the morning sunshine.

And in his two major works, "Petruchka" and "Le Sacre du printemps," Strawinsky makes the machine represent his own person. For the actions of machinery woke first in the human organism, and Strawinsky intensifies consciousness of the body by referring these motions to their origin. "Petruchka" is the man-machine seen from without, seen unsympathetically, in its comic aspect. Countless poets before Strawinsky have attempted to portray the puppet-like activities of the human being, and "Petruchka" is but one of the recent of innumerable stage-shows that expose the automaton in the human soul. But the puppet-show of Strawinsky is singular because of its musical accompaniment. For more than even the mimes on the stage, the orchestra is full of the spirit of the automaton. The angular, wooden gestures of the dolls, their smudged faces, their entrails of sawdust, are in the music ten times as intensely as they are upon the stage. In the score of "Petruchka" music itself has become a little mannikin in parti-colored clothes, at which Strawinsky gazes and laughs as a child laughs at a

funny doll, and makes dance and tosses in the air, and sends sprawling. The score is full of the revolutions of wheels, of delicate clockwork movements, of screws and turbines. Beneath the music one hears always the regular, insistent, maniacal breathing of a concertina. And what in it is not purely mechanistic nevertheless completes the picture of the world as it appears to one who has seen the man-machine in all its comedy. The stage pictures, the trumpery little fair, the tinsel and pathetic finery of the crowds, the dancing of the human ephemeridæ a moment before the snow begins to fall, are stained marvelously deeply by the music. The score has the colors of crudely dyed, faded bunting. It has indeed a servant girl grace, a coachman ardor, a barrel-organ, tintype, popcorn, fortune-teller flavor.

"Le Sacre," on the other hand, is the man-machine viewed not from without, and unsympathetically, but from within. So far, it is Strawinsky's masterwork, the completest and purest expression of his genius. For the elements that make for the originality of style of "Petruchka" and the other of Strawinsky's representative compositions, in this work attain a signal largeness and powerfulness. The rhythmic element, already fresh and free in the scherzo of "L'Oiseau de feu" and throughout "Petruchka," attains virile and magistral might in it, surges and thunders with giant vigor. The instrumentation, magical with all the magic of the Russian masters in the earlier ballets, here is informed by the sharpness, hardness, nakedness which is originally Strawinsky's. Besides, the latter work has the thing hitherto lacking somewhat in the young man's art--grandeur and severity and ironness of language. In it he stands completely new, completely in possession of his powers. And in it the machine operates. Ostensibly, the action of the ballet is laid in prehistoric times. Ostensibly, it figures the ritual with which a tribe of stone-age Russians consecrated the spring. Something of the sort was necessary, for an actual representation of machines, a ballet of machines, would not have been as grimly significant as the angular, uncouth gestures of men, would by no means have as nakedly revealed the human engine. Here, in the choreography, every fluid, supple, curving motion is suppressed. Everything is angular, cubical, rectilinear. The music pounds with the rhythm of engines, whirls and spirals like screws and fly-wheels, grinds and shrieks like laboring metal. The orchestra is transmuted to steel. Each movement of the ballet correlates the rhythms of machinery with the human rhythms which they prolong and repeat. A dozen mills pulsate at once. Steam escapes; exhausts breathe heavily. The weird orchestral introduction to the second scene has all the oppressive silence of machines immobile at night. And in the hurtling finale the music and the dancers create figure that is at once the piston and a sexual action. For Strawinsky has stripped away from man all that with which specialization, differentiation, have covered him, and revealed him again, in a sort of cruel white light, a few functioning organs. He has shown him a machine to which power is applied, and which labors in blind obedience precisely like the microscopic animal that eats and parturates

and dies. The spring comes; and life replenishes itself; and man, like seed and germ, obeys the promptings of the blind power that created him, and accomplishes his predestined course and takes in energy and pours it out again. But, for a moment, in "Le Sacre du printemps," we feel the motor forces, watch the naked wheels and levers and arms at work, see the dynamo itself.

The ballet was completed in 1913, the year Strawinsky was thirty-one years old. It may be that the work will be succeeded by others even more original, more powerful. Or it may be that Strawinsky has already written his masterpiece. The works that he has composed during the war are not, it appears, strictly new developments. Whatever enlargement of the field of the string quartet the three little pieces which the Flonzaleys played here in 1915 created, there is no doubt that it was nothing at all to compare with the innovation in orchestral music created by the great ballet. And, according to rumor, the newest of Strawinsky's work, the music-hall ballet for eight clowns, and the work for the orchestra, ballet and chorus entitled "Les Noces villageoises," are by no means as bold in style as "Le Sacre," and resemble "Petruchka" more than the later ballet. But, whatever Strawinsky's future accomplishment, there can be no doubt that with this one work, if not also with "Petruchka," he has secured a place among the true musicians. It is doubtful whether any living composer has opened new musical land more widely than he. For he has not only minted music anew. He has reached a point ahead of us that the world would have reached without him. That alone shows him the genius. He has brought into music something for which we had long been waiting, and which we knew must one day arrive. To us, at this moment, "Le Sacre du printemps" appears one of those compositions that mark off the musical miles.



Rockwell Kent, 1920

September fourteenth.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Wilderness, A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska*, by Rockwell Kent

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I stopped writing, for the fire had almost gone out and the cold wind blew in from two dozen great crevasses in the walls. The best of log cabins need recalking, I am told, once a year, and mine, roughly built as it is, needs it now in the worst way. Some openings are four or five inches wide by two feet long. We've gathered a great quantity of moss for calking, but it has rained so persistently that it cannot dry out to be fit for use.

Well, it rains and rains and rains. Since beginning this journal we've had not one fair day, and since we've been here on the island, seventeen days, there has been only one rainless day. There has been but one cloudless sunrise. I awoke that day just at dawn and looking across out of the tiny square window that faces the water could see the blue--the deep blue--mountains and the rosy western sky behind them. At last the sun rose somewhere and tipped the peaks and the hanging glaciers, growing and growing till the shadows of other peaks were driven down into the sea and the many ranges stood full in the morning light. The twilight hours are so wonderfully long here as the sun creeps down the horizon. Just think! there'll be months this winter when we'll not see the sun from our cove--only see it touching the peaks above us or the distant mountains. It will be a strange life without the dear, warm sun!

I wonder if you can imagine what fun pioneering is. To be in a country where the fairest spot is yours for the wanting it, to cut and build your own home out of the land you stand upon, to plan and create clearings, parks, vistas, and make out of a wilderness an ordered place! Of course so much was done--nearly all--when I came. But in clearing up the woods and in improving my own stead I have had a taste of the great experience. Ah, it's a fine and wholesome life!...

Another day. The storm rages out of doors. To-day I stuffed the largest of the cracks in our wall with woolen socks, sweaters, and all manner of clothes. It's so warm and cozy here now! Olson has been in to see me for a long chat. I believe he can give one the material for a thrilling book of adventure. Take his story, or enough of the thousand wild incidents of it, give it its true setting--publishing a map of that part of the coast where his travels mostly lay--let it be frankly his story retold, above all true and savoring of this land--and I believe no record of pioneering or adventure could surpass it. He's a keen philosopher and by his critical observations gives his discourse a fine dignity. On Olson's return to Idaho in the

'80's after his first trip to Alaska a friend of his, a saloon-keeper, came out into the street, seized him, and drew him into his place. "Sit down, Olson," he said, "and tell us about Alaska from beginning to end." And the traveler told his long wonder-story to the crowd.

[Illustration: THE SLEEPER]

At last he finished.

"Olson," said his friend, "that would make the greatest book in the world--if it was only lies."

Gee, how the storm rages!

I'm relieved to-night; Rockwell, who seems to have a felon on his finger, is improving under the heroic treatment he submits to. I've had visions of operating on it myself--a deep incision to the bone being the method. It is no fun having such ailments to handle--unless you're of the type Olson seems to be who, if his eye troubled him seriously, would stick in his finger and pull the eye out,--and then doubtless fill the socket with tobacco juice.

We have reached Wednesday, September the eighteenth.

That day the sun did shine. We rowed to Seward, Rockwell and I; stopped for the motor that on our last trip we had left by the way, but found the surf too high. At Seward the beach was strewn with damaged and demolished boats from a recent storm. Moreover, in the town the glacial stream was swollen to a torrent; the barriers had, some of them, been swept away; a bridge was gone, the railroad tracks were flooded, the hospital was surrounded and almost floated from its foundations. And we saw the next day, when it again poured rain, the black-robed sisters of charity, booted to the thighs, fleeing through the water to a safer place. It stormed incessantly for four days more. Although I had taken what seemed ample precaution for the safety of my dory, she was caught at the height of the storm by the exceptional tide of that season and carried against a stranded boat high up on the shore, and pinioned there by a heavy pile torn from the wharf. But our boat escaped undamaged.

Seward was dull for Rockwell and me. We've not come this long way from our home for the life of a small town. America offers nothing to the tourist but the wonders of its natural scenery. All towns are of one mold or inspired, as it were, with one ideal. And I cannot see in considering the buildings of a single period in the East and in the West any indication of diversity of character, of ideals, of special tradition; any susceptibility to the influence of local conditions, nothing in any typical American house or town where I have been that does not say "made in one mill." There's a God forsaken hideousness

and commonplaceness about Alaskan architecture that almost amounts to character--but it is not quite bad enough to redeem itself. Somewhere in the wilderness of the Canadian Rockies there's a little town of one street backed up against the towering mountains. Dominating the town is the two-or three-story "Queen Hotel," the last word in flamboyant, gimcrack hideousness. Hotel and Mountain! it is sublime, that bald and crashing contrast.

On September third, I wrote to a friend: "They strike me as needlessly timid about the sea here, continually talking of frightful currents and winds in a way that seems incredible to me and would, I think, to a New England fisherman. However, I must be cautious. Olson says that in the winter for weeks at a time it has been impossible to make the trip to Seward. Well, I'll believe it when I try it and get stuck."

Three weeks later,--Tuesday, September twenty-fourth, we were in Seward. The morning was calm varying between sun and rain, but it seemed a good day to return to Fox Island. Rockwell and I had some difficulty launching our boat down the long beach at low water; but at last we managed it, loaded our goods aboard,--viz., two large boxes of groceries, fifty-nine pounds turnips, a stove, five lengths of stovepipe, a box of wood panels, two hundred feet one inch by two inch strips, suit case, snowshoes, and a few odd parcels.

[Illustration: THE WINDLASS]

At ten forty-five we pushed off. At just about that moment the sun retired for the day and a fine and persistent rain began to fall. After about three miles we were overtaken by a fisherman in a motor sloop bound to his camp three miles further down the shore. He took us in tow and, finally arriving at his camp, begged us to stay "for a cup of tea"--he was an Englishman. I yielded to the delay there against my own better judgment. After a hearty meal we left his cove at two fifteen.

Still it drizzled rain and the breeze blew faintly from the northeast. We had a seven-mile row before us. Near Caines Head we encountered squalls from the south and were for sometime in doubt as to the wind's true direction. We headed straight for Fox Island only to find the wind easterly, compelling us to head up into it. I fortunately anticipated a heavier blow and determined to get as far to windward and as near the shelter of the lea shore as possible, and without any loss of time. Our propulsion toward the island I left to the tide which was about due to ebb. We made good headway for a little time until the wind bore upon us in heavy squalls.

The aspect of the day had become ominous. Heavy clouds raced through the sky precipitating rain. The mountainous land appeared blue black, the sea a light but brilliant yellow green. Over the water the wind

blew in furious squalls raising a surge of white caps and a dangerous chop. I was now rowing with all my strength, foreseeing clearly the possibility of disaster for us, scanning with concern the terrible leeward shore with its line of breakers and steep cliffs. Rockwell, rowing always manfully, had great difficulty in the rising sea and wind. Fortunately he realized only at rare moments the dangers of our situation.

We were now rowing continually at right angles to our true course. I had but one hope, to get to windward before the rising sea and gale overpowered us and carried us onto the dreaded coast that offered absolutely no hope. Once to windward I had the choice of making a landing in some cove or continuing for Fox Island by running with the wind astern. At last the surface of the water was fairly seething under the advancing squalls; the spray was whipped into vapor and the caldron boiled. I bent my back to the oars and put every ounce of strength into holding my own with the gale. It was a terrible moment for I saw clearly the alternative of continuing and winning our fight.

"Father," pipes up Rockwell from behind me at this tragic instant "when I wake up in the morning sometimes I pretend my toes are asleep, and I make my big toe sit up first because he's the father toe." At another time Rockwell, who had shown a little panic--a very little--said: "You know I want to be a sailor so I'll learn not to be afraid."

At last we turned and made for the island. We had reached the point where with good chances of success we could turn,--and where we had to. We reached the shelter of the island incredibly fast, it seemed, with the sea boiling in our wake, racing furiously as if to engulf us,--and then bearing us so smoothly and swiftly upon its crest that if it had not been so terrible it would have been the most soothing and delightful motion in the world. In rounding the headland of our cove a last furious effort of the eluded storm careened us sailless as we were far on one side and carried us broadside toward the rocks. It was a minute before we could straighten our boat into the wind and pull away from the shore, then twenty feet away. Olson awaited us on the beach with tackle in readiness to haul our boat out of the surf. We landed in safety. Looking at my watch I found it to be a quarter to six. (The last four miles had taken us three hours!)

Olson's dory had been hauled up onto the grass and tied down securely. Mine was soon beside it. The tides and heavy seas of this time of year make every precaution necessary.

[Illustration: THE SNOW QUEEN]

The wind that night continued rising 'til it blew a gale. And that night in their bed Rockwell and his father put their arms tight about

each other without telling why they did it.



Julian Huxley, 1918

SEX BIOLOGY AND SEX PSYCHOLOGY

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World population and human destiny / Sir Julian Huxley

Publication date 1960-02-18

SEX: THREE WAYS

*That body has for soul an air-balloon
Which drifts with every spiritual blast,
Doomed, swollen thing! to leak or burst at last*

Though overmuch aspiring toward the moon.

This other soul, below the animal.

*Bloating and coating body's baser parts
With the manure of its desires and arts,*

Helps flesh to grow still more corporeal.

*I pray that I may still inhabit earth.
Where grass invites the foot, and roses smell;
Yet shall I lead my body on to dwell*

In the eternal land of second birth.

If, nought condemned, each part of being's whole

Is taken up in my transmuting soul.

*"And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine."*

— W. Wordsworth.

"There is reason to believe that the processes which underlie all great work in art, literature, or science take place unconsciously, or at least unwittingly. It is an interesting question to ask whence comes the energy of which this work is the expression. There are two chief possibilities: one, that it is derived from the instinctive tendencies which, through the action of controlling forces, fail to find their natural outlet; the other, that the energy so arising is increased in amount through the conflict between controlled and controlling forces." — W. H. Rivers.

THE biology of sex is a vast subject. Not only are there questions of sex-determination, but the whole sexual selection problem has to be considered, together with the evolutionary function of sex, and its first origin. I can only attempt, in the short space at my disposal, to deal with one or two of the chief points, and only in so far as they bear on questions of human sex psychology.

In the first place, then, we have to consider the evolutionary history of sex. Of its origin we can say only that it is veiled in complete obscurity. Once present, however, it appears to have a definite function by making possible, through sexual reproduction, all the various combinations of any heritable variations that may arise in different individuals of a species, and so conferring greater evolutionary plasticity on the species as a whole. ^

Primarily, sex implies only the fusion of nuclei

from two separate individuals; there is no need for sex differences to exist at all. Sex differences, however, are almost universal in sexually-reproducing organisms, and represent a division of labour between the active male cell and the passive female cell, the former taking over the task of uniting the two, the latter storing up nutriment for the new individual that will result from that union.

The subsequent history of sex is, roughly speaking, the history of its invasion of more and more of the organization of its possessors. First the male as a whole, and not merely its reproductive cells, tends to become organized for finding the female. The female's whole type of metabolism is altered to produce the most efficient storage of reserve material in her ova, and later she almost invariably protects and nourishes the young during the first part of their development, either within or without her own body. Appropriate instincts are of course developed in both male and female.

At the outset there is enormous waste incurred in the liberation of sperms and ova into the water, there to unite as best they may. Congress of the sexes eliminates the major part of this waste, and is universal above a certain level. This is in itself the basis for other changes. As the mind, or shall we say the psycho-neural organization, becomes more complex, the sexual instinct becomes more interwoven with the general emotional state; and a large number of animals appear not to mate unless their emotional state has been raised to a certain level. The result of this is that special actions, associated generally with bright colours or striking structures, with song or with scent, come into being.

The exact mechanism of the appearance of these courtship-displays is a much-vexed point; but it is undoubted that they only occur in animals with congress of the sexes and with minds above a certain level of complexity, and that they are employed in ceremonies between the two sexes at mating-time. There can subsist no reasonable doubt that there exists some causal connection between the associated facts.

An important point, which has been commonly overlooked, is that such characters and actions may

be either developed in one sex only, or in both. In a large number of birds, such as egrets, grebes, cranes, and many others, the courtship-displays are mutual, and the characters used in them developed to a similar extent in both sexes. Such characters are therefore often not secondary sexual differences, and we had best use Poulton's term epigamic for them.

whether they are developed in one or in both sexes.[^] The human species, in accordance with its complexity and flexibility of brain, has epigamic characters of both kinds. Some, like voice and moustache, are different in the two sexes, others, such as colour of eyes and lips, the hairlessness of the body and grace of limbs and carriage, are common to both. In the vertebrate stock, two main lines of evolution as regards sexual relationships may be traced. The first is predominant in mammals: here, in most species, the female will not receive the male except at fixed times, which are determined by a purely physiological mechanism, the internal secretion of the gonad (reproductive organ). Here we consequently find that the rule is for the males to fight for the possession of the females, not to display before them. In the monkeys, presumably as a result of a lessened dependence of mental upon physiological processes, bright colours and special adornments of various parts of the body are frequently developed.[^] In the birds, on the other hand, although here too the internal secretion of the gonad delimits a period in which alone congress of the sexes can occur, it does not act for such a sharply-limited time as in the mammal, nor is it so intense as completely to override other components of the mind. As a result, general emotional stimulus may play an important part in inducing readiness to pair, and we accordingly

3 See Huxley, '23.

*See Howard, '20; Carr-Saunders, '22.

find display of some sort, either by the male alone or by both sexes, present in the great majority of species. It is at least partly in correlation with this that beauty of voice and brilliant appearance is far commoner in birds than in mammals

The monkeys represent in some way a transitional stage towards that seen in man, in whom the conditions have come to resemble those found in birds, with consequent great development of epigamic characters and actions of one sort and another, both physical and mental. Thus we see that sex, after invading and altering the conformation of the body, finally invades and alters the conformation of the mind.

As regards the other great biological question, of the determination of sex, a very few words will suffice. In the first place I have no time to consider plants or lower animals. In almost all higher animals that have been investigated, however, there has been found some hereditary mechanism for ensuring a rough constancy of sex-ratio. This mechanism resides in the so-called chromosomes of the nucleus. These exist for the most part in similar pairs in both sexes: but one pair is dissimilar in one sex. In mammals and man this sex is the male. Man possesses one chromosome less than woman. He possesses only one member of this pair of special sex-chromosomes, whereas she possesses two. All her ova are alike in possessing one, whereas half his sperms possess one, half possess none. Therefore, when the former kind of sperms fertilize an ovum, two sex-chromosomes

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are present in the fertilized egg and a female results; when the latter, only one, and the offspring is male.^

Putting the matter in the broadest terms, we can say that there is a different balance of hereditary factors in male and female, and that this difference of balance dates from the moment of fertilization, and normally determines sex.

Various agencies may alter the balance. The chromosomes themselves may vary in what we must vaguely call their potency; or external agencies may affect it. As a result, we sometimes obtain strange abnormal individuals, in which the balance has been upset; in them development results sometimes in organisms permanently intermediate between male and female, sometimes in a change of sex at some period of development.

In insects the chromosomes appear to be pre-dominant throughout life. In vertebrates, however, they seem to play their chief role in early development, ending by building up either a male or a female gonad in the early embryo. This, once produced, takes over what remains of the task of sex-determination. It secretes a specific internal secretion which in a male acts so as to encourage the growth of male organs and instincts, to suppress those of females; and vice versa in a female.

As a result of this difference we find that castration in insects, even followed by engrafting of a gonad of opposite sex, produces no effect upon other sexual

5 See Goldschmidt, '23; Morgan, '19; Doncaster, '14.

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characters; whereas it exerts a profound effect upon mammals or birds.

As a second result, we find that in vertebrates the gonads form part of what has been called the chemical directorate of the body — the interlocking system of endocrine glands, each of which is exerting an effect upon the rest. The importance of this is seen in the experiments of Steinach, Sand, Voronoff, and others, who have been able to obtain a rejuvenating effect in senile mammals by increasing, by various methods, the amount of secreting reproductive organ in the body.[^]

To what then has our rapid survey led us? The actual origin of sex is lost to us in the mists of a time inconceivably remote. Its preservation once in existence, and its present all-but-universal distribu-

tion seem to be definitely associated with the biological advantage of the plasticity which it confers. Later, the primary difference between male and female — their power of producing different sorts of reproductive cells — leads on to secondary differences. These differences may be biologically speaking non-significant, mere accidents of the primary difference. Or they may be in the nature of a division of labour between the sexes, this division of labour usually concerning the protection of the embryo or the care of the young, or more rarely the preservation of the individual itself. Or, finally, they may concern the more efficient union of the gametes; such differences

6 See Steinach, '20; summary in Lipschutz, '19; Voronoff, '23.

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may merely affect the ducts and apertures of the reproductive system, and be more or less mechanical; or they may concern the use of these systems, in the form of still mechanical instincts, or they may be concerned in some way or other with the emotional side of the animals, and consist in characters and actions which stimulate the emotions of the other sex, characters which we have termed epigamic.

It is only in higher groups that these emotion-stimulating sexual characters arise, for only in them has mind reached a sufficient degree of perfection. But even though detailed study reveals in a bird or a mammal a mental life of a complexity far more considerable than the average man would imagine, yet on the whole it is straightforward and its currents run fairly direct from stimulus to fulfilment.

When we reach man, however, the whole aspect of the matter changes. The change is most marked, naturally, in his mental organization. Through his powers of rapid and unlimited association, any one part of his experience can be combined with any other; through his powers of generalizing and of giving names to things, his experience is far more highly organized than that of any animal; through speech and writing he is inheritor of a continuous tradition which enormously enlarges his range of experience. Again, he can frame a purpose and thus put the ob-

jective of his actions far further into the future than can lower organisms.

There are, however, also changes of considerable

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biological importance on the physical side. Man brings with him from his animal ancestors the endocrine secretory mechanism of the reproductive organs : but his life is not subordinated to it in such an iron-bound way. To start with he has gradually lost all semblance of a breeding-season. Traces of it survive in some primitive races, but in civilized communities all one can say is that the number of births may show a slight seasonal variation; and the reproductive organs are capable of function in all twelve months of the year — a state of affairs known, I believe, in no other vertebrate, or at least in no wild species."⁷

In the second place, there has been in the female a further emancipation of the sexual life. In all other mammals the female will only receive the male at certain well-defined periods, which in their turn depend on cyclical changes in the ovaries. In man this restriction has been overcome, and, in spite of the survival of a certain degree of cyclical change in feeling, neither sex is restricted any longer to certain physically-determined periods for the consummation of its sexual life. This is, we may say, a triumph of mind over matter in the human organism, of the mental elements of the sexual life over the purely physical elements.

This is not to deny that the sexual life of man is dependent upon the reproductive hormones. It is apparently necessary for proper activation of the

⁷ See Carr-Saunders, '22, ch. v, and M. Stopes.

sexual centres in the brain that there should occur a continuous liberation of secretion from the reproductive organs into the blood. Again, the mental activities of man are so much more important than those of other forms that even the cessation of activity of the reproductive organs, for instance in the female at the change of life, or even their total removal, need not prevent the continuation, albeit in a modified form, of the sexual life in its varied indirect manifestations.

Before attempting to probe the intricacies of the mental side of the subject, we had better see what we can learn of the physical. Let us first remind ourselves of one or two facts gained from animal experimentation. In the first place, in mammals the activation of the sexual instincts of one or the other sex appears to be completely or almost completely under the control of the internal secretions of the reproductive organs. Steinach and others have taken new-born male guinea-pigs and have removed their testes and grafted ovaries in their place. The result has been an animal almost completely feminized both as regards body and mind. In some of the animals milk was secreted, and when this occurred they would act as foster-mothers to new-born guinea-pigs of other parents. The reverse operation, the masculinization of females, was equally successful, the animals growing large and showing all the instincts of a normal male and none of those of a normal female.

A similar dependence of behaviour on gonad is

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seen in fowls. Here nature makes a number of experiments, which have recently been studied by Dr. Crew of Edinburgh. When the ovaries of a hen are affected by a certain type of tumour, the bird stops laying, her comb and wattles enlarge to the size of a cock's, her spurs grow, she begins to crow, her plumage changes at the moult and becomes cock-like, and

finally she becomes indistinguishable from a male. Indistinguishable, even in behaviour: her years of feminine routine in laying and brooding are forgotten : the secretion of the altered ovary now apparently resembles that of a testis and stimulates centres of the brain which would otherwise have remained permanently dormant. She struts and crows, fights and mates, and the memory of the previous part of her life is for all practical purposes lost, since the centres for female activity are no longer stimulated at all.

Various workers have even experimentally produced a state of hermaphroditism in mammals by simultaneous grafting of portions of testes and ovary: the behaviour here oscillates between male and female.^

It is quite clear from these and other facts that in higher vertebrates there are present in every individual of either sex the nervous connections which give the possibility of either male or female behaviour; but that normally only one of these two possibilities is realized, since for the potentiality of action given by the nervous connections to become

8 See Lipschutz, '19; Goldschmidt, '23,

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actual as behaviour it is necessary for the nervous system to be activated by the secretion of one or other of the reproductive organs. Castrated animals fail to realize either possibility of normal sex-behaviour, although their nervous machinery is untouched.

There are, further, some facts of observation which, even if they have not yet been fully analysed by experiment, still throw light on the matter. Although many of the most familiar birds — fowls, pheasant, peacock, duck, finches, and so forth — have bright-coloured males and drab females, with marked difference of behaviour between the sexes, there are, as we have seen, many others, such as herons, divers, swans, grebes, moorhens, and auks, in which the sexes are alike in plumage and furthermore show what may be called a "mutual" courtship in which both male

and female play similar roles. In this latter class it seems clear that the secretions of the male and female reproductive organs must be more alike than in the markedly dimorphic species: and this is borne out by some strange facts regarding not merely the courtship but the actions concerned with pairing itself. In the crested grebe and the little grebe, for example, close observation has shown that either member of the pair may assume the passive "female" attitude or the active "male" attitude in pairing: and in the moorhen we meet with the still more extraordinary phenomenon of double pairing, in which an act of pairing with male and female in normal posi-

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tion is immediately followed by a second act in which the normal position is reversed.^ It would appear in such cases that the similarity of male and female internal secretion is so great that quite slight changes in nervous or metabolic activity can cause the nervous centres for the opposite sex's mode of behaviour to become activated.

In human beings we are confronted with various grades of sexual organization and behaviour besides the typically feminine and the typically masculine. In the first place it is matter of common knowledge that many women, who so far as their physical reproductive capacity goes are perfectly normal, show various mental traits which are more characteristic of men, and vice versa. What is more, the "masculinoid" woman (to use the current jargon) tends physically also to be less feminine, to have the feminine secondary sexual characteristics . in stature, form of skeleton, distribution of fat, breasts, etc. — less strongly developed than normal, while the "feminoid" man shows the reverse tendency.^

In trying to analyse these facts further, we are brought up against new depths of complication. It is becoming ever clearer that the gonads do not operate as independent organs, but in conjunction with the whole of the rest of the endocrine system — thyroid, pituitary, adrenal, and the rest. In the first place, it seems to be established that the reproduc-

8 See Selous, '02; Huxley, 14.

10 See Blair Bell, '16.

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tive organs must be in some way activated by other ductless glands before they become normal, just as they in their turn must activate the sexual centres in the brain. This phase of the matter is being investigated by many workers to-day; provisionally we may say that pituitary and adrenal cortex are especially concerned. In the second place the gonads, once activated and in normal working order, react upon the other ductless glands. It thus comes about that the relative proportion or relative activity of the parts of the whole ductless gland system is different in male and female. Blair Bell is the protagonist of this view. A woman is a woman, he says, not merely because of her ovaries, but because of all her internal secretions, of her endocrine balance as a whole. ^

It cannot be said that we have any certainty on the details of this subject. It is clear, however, that some such fundamental difference does exist, and it is therefore further probable that if a woman has a thyroid, say, or an adrenal which for some reason (and there are many possible reasons) is producing an amount of secretion abnormal for a woman but more like that which is produced by a man, she will, in spite of her ovaries, be more masculine in tendency.

I will content myself with one example. The cortex of the adrenal gland, if active beyond a certain measure, assists the development of male, prevents the development of female, characters. Women

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with adrenal tumours frequently develop moustache and beard and other appanages of the male. One presumes that a slight preponderance of the adrenal cortex in the normal endocrine make-up will lead to a less feminine type of woman than normal. I

repeat that we are but on the verge of the matter and that premature speculation is certainly risky and probably fallacious. But all the same, there is very little doubt that we are on the right track, and that we shall have to search for the finer shades of temperamental difference between man and woman not so much in differences in the quality of the secretion of testis or ovary as in differences of balance in what the Americans call the "endocrine make-up." ^^ There is, however, also the possibility of difference in the quality of gonad secretion, and of recent years Steinach and his followers have been claiming that this may be at the bottom of many cases, of so-called "perversion of sexual instinct." The latest claim of this school is that homosexual men may be rendered heterosexual in instinct by removal of their testes and implantation of a testis from a sexually normal person — from a man, for example, who is being operated on for cryptorchidism. It is frankly impossible as yet to say whether their conclusions are well founded: a very much larger series of cases will be necessary, and the possibility of suggestion's action must be eliminated. It is well to remember, however, that there is no theoretical objection to the

11 See Vincent, '21; Harrow, '23.

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possibility. We know that in various lower animals, such as moths and flies, the balance between the male- and female-determining factors in the chromosomes may be altered in certain crosses, and that this altered balance in the constitution is reflected in some cases in a state permanently intermediate between male and female, in others by a reversal of sex at some point during development. For various reasons we should not usually expect reversal in mammals; but if such abnormal balance should exist in the constitution, as it well might, we should expect a gonad secreting an abnormal, intermediate secretion. This we might also expect as the result of certain accidents of embryonic life, as actually happens in the abnormal female cattle known to farmers as free-martins. These animals are always born co-twin to a male, and their abnormality is due to the blood-systems of the embryonic membranes

of the twins having fused, so that the secretion of the developing male's gonad acts upon the developing female.

Further light on abnormally-directed sex-instinct is thrown by recent analysis of abnormal domestic animals by Crew.¹² Both goats and swine he finds that by far the commonest form of sexual abnormality is one in which the external appearance, at least in youth, is so nearly female as to raise no question in the mind of the casual observer; about the time of maturity, however, male secondary sex

12 Crew, '23.

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characters begin to develop, including male instincts; and dissection reveals the presence of a double set of ducts — the female uterus and vagina, the male epididymis and vas deferens, but only a single uniform reproductive organ, and that always a testis. The simplest explanation (although it is admittedly tentative) appears to be that the testis has not been activated during embryonic and juvenile life, and that therefore until puberty the animal, though really male, has been physiologically in a neutral state, which permits the growth of the internal apparatus proper to both sexes. Externally, the "neutral" condition approximates more closely to the female type, and the animal is thus first classed as a female. Some other gland is then responsible for the second activation at puberty, and this occurs in a normal manner.

This is of considerable interest, since it appears that in man too the largest class of sexually abnormal individuals are those whose external appearance is almost or quite feminine, but who possess male instincts. It is at least probable that examination will show that they, too, or many of them, will be of the type described above — males with delayed activation of testis, a consequent classification as female at birth, and a girl's upbringing, with male instincts arising in the unhappy creature at puberty.

- It is the fashion nowadays to write down abnormal sexual psychology wholly to the account of the mind,

to an abnormal development with causes entirely

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psychological. It is clear, however, that if some abnormal individuals can be cured by implantation, and others are abnormal owing to an early failure of activation, this conception falls to the ground, and the Freudian is robbed of some of his most cherished examples.

In any case, the work on animals definitely shows that, unless the mechanism of activation of instinct by gonad secretion has altered between animal and man more than we have any right to postulate a priori, the quality of gonad secretion and the balance of all the endocrines has to be taken into account far more than is done by the average psycho-analyst.

This, however, is not to say that the genesis of our attitude towards sex, our sexual behaviour, and our general mental organization in so far as modified by sex, is not normally determined for the most part by purely psychological causes. If there is a physical abnormality, this will react upon the mental; but in the vast majority of cases the physical variation will not take the individual beyond the limits of normality, and when the normal physical limits are not exceeded, the wide range of mental variation still observable is to be ascribed to psychological causes. In other words, abnormal sexual behaviour and instinct may be due either to physiological or psychological abnormality, and the latter is probably the commoner cause.

I am not competent to attempt to treat of the vast and complex psychological aspect of the sex-problem

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which the analytical psychologists have opened up to such an extent within the last few years; I can only deal with it in the broadest way, and content myself rather with stating than with solving problems.

As regards the place of sex in our mental organization, there are two contradictory extremes possible. Either all ideas connected with the physical side of sex may be repressed with great vehemence, and the sexual contribution to various emotions ignored or dismissed, while a constant attempt is made at sublimation; or else there is little or no repression beyond that necessitated by convention and custom, sexual matters are taken at their physical face value, and sublimation is not consciously attempted and exists only to a negligible amount.

There is no doubt that the first alternative represents one of the commonest neuroses of modern life, and one in which an interpretation on principles made familiar by psycho-analysis is the most satisfactory. Repression, through whatever cause initiated (and psychologists, I understand, are coming more and more to recognize that chronic misuse of the mind as well as single violent shocks may be effective), leads to a more or less complete dissociation of two parts of the mind, of which one only is in the main connected with the conscious personal life. As a result, curious phenomena are met with. There is, it is true, a constant effort necessary to keep life a-going with the aid of an incomplete men-

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tal organization; but when satisfaction is attained, its very rarity brings with it a certain glow, an irradiation of peculiarly pleasurable nature. Furthermore, dissociation in most cases is not complete; now and again, and especially when there is successful sublimation — in some people when in love, in others with religious ecstasy, in others again with some form of art — now and again re-association of the parts occurs, and there is an extraordinary sense of the irruption of some vast beneficent force, some great extra-personal flood of soul, into the meagre stream of everyday life. The lives of a certain number of saints and ascetics, mystics and poets, abound with phenomena of this sort; and apparently the sense of value attaching to the occasional complete attainment of such satisfactory states of the soul, combined with the conscious daily quest for subli-

mation which is inevitable when the most important part of the primitive emotions are repressed, is such a vivid experience that it satisfies the mind and enables such persons to carry on, and to do work sometimes of the highest value.

On the other hand, men and women with this type of mental development naturally tend to be unstable; they cannot be sure of their capacity, whether for routine work or creative thought or spiritual experience, from day to day. Their mental life has a tendency to wear thin, their sense of effort and struggle to increase and lead to breakdown. It is in the long run an unsatisfactory way of organizing the

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psyche, because the conscious mind has less than it ought to have upon which to fall back.

The opposite extreme is equally unsatisfactory. If individuals of the first type are trying to build high without adequate foundations, those of the second are mistaking the foundations for a complete building. A dissociation of a different type occurs in them — a dissociation due to lack of use, to a mere failure to connect up that part of the mind concerned with sexual emotion with a great many of the mind's other activities. Thus the sexual side has few and lower values associated with it than it might, and other possibilities of thought and feeling and action remain as mere possibilities, never realized in actuality. The result is a definitely incomplete personality of a more or less arrested or rudimentary type.

Those are the extremes: of course there are all intermediates between them. They may crop up with apparent spontaneity, determined more by the hereditary constitution of the man or woman than by external happenings: or they may be mainly or at least largely determined by the accidents of the environment during the period before maturity. One of the most potent factors in the environment will be the attitude of the parents towards sexual matters. On the one hand they may adopt the common, horror-stricken attitude towards sex, hushing

it up, making it clear to the sensitive mind of childhood that there is something thoroughly bad about

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it, and so laying the best possible foundations for future repression. Or, on the other hand, they may openly adopt the psycho-analytic view as to the role of sex in the development of mind, may further believe that the fullest analysis and self-knowledge is always desirable, and may accordingly be pointing out to the child interpretations of its actions and sayings in terms of sex, familiarizing it with sex from the outset, not merely not discouraging but actually encouraging reference to sexual matters. This will tend, *ceteris paribus*, to the development of a mind in which many of the more complex mental operations will not usually persist because the subject will be continually unbuilding them into their constituent parts, of which sex will be the most unvarying and important.

Both these types are to my judgment obviously unsatisfactory. The ideal organization of the mind must be one in which first there is a minimum of waste of energy, secondly a maximum realization of potentiality. The operations of mind may further be thought of from two different angles — a subserving the biological needs of the organism, or as ends in themselves. From the first point of view, thought is action in *posse*: efficiency and full utilization of energy are here the requirements, and it is obvious that any method which even partially separates one part of the mental organization from the rest must be a poor one, that a refusal to face any portion of reality, such as, in our special case, the physical side

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of sex, must put the organism at a disadvantage in a world in which that portion of reality plays, as it obviously does, an important role.

The correct type of organization is one of the type which has been developed over and over again

in the course of evolution, for different functions: it is the hierarchical one, in which some parts are dominant, others subordinate, the dominant parts helpless without the subordinate, the subordinate different, through the fact of their subordination, from what they would otherwise have been, doing most of the hard work, but under the guidance of the dominant. Only in this way is a unitary organization arrived at in which there is the minimum of waste, of antagonism between the parts.

The psycho-analysts have, by analysing the pathology of mind, shown us how waste of energy may arise in particular cases, and so make it easier for us to avoid it in general.

One may recognize the merits of Freud as an investigator without accepting all or even the majority of his conclusions. As the late W. H. Rivers pointed out, Freud will always be remembered in the history of psychology because he introduced new ideas and new methods into the science. Previous workers had discovered the realm of the subconscious; but they had not discovered the real nature of its relation to the rest of the mental organization. Freud pointed out that there was often a biological value attached to the power of forgetting as well as to that

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of remembering, and that in any case in most of us a large amount of experience is rendered unconscious by suppression, or an attempt made to force it into the unconscious by repression. He and his followers and other schools of psychologists have pointed out the importance of unresolved conflicts in determining thought and behaviour, and have made it clear that in the ordinary civilized community of to-day a large proportion of those conflicts arise out of difficulties connected with the sex-instinct. And, even if we reject the extreme claims made by many Freudians, we must admit that psycho-analysis has shown that many cases of actual perversion of instinct may be cured by analytic methods, and that sex occupies a very much larger space in the mind than was previously supposed. It had not been previously supposed, because of the fact that it tends to appear in

consciousness in disguised form — either sublimated and thus intertwined with other emotions and instincts or with unusual objects, or else rationalized as something else, or kept below the surface of consciousness as an unfulfilled wish; and because there is a resistance in most of us to recognizing its importance.

This revolution in our thought has proved very unpalatable to many. In just the same way as a large proportion of Darwin's opponents opposed him because they believed that to accept man's simian origin was a repulsive degradation, so many of the opponents of psycho-analysis oppose it because they

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believe that to ascribe this huge role to sex in the genesis of our psyche is a repulsive degradation.

To my mind there are two very general questions which the student of human sex psychology now has to face, if he takes not necessarily the whole but the central theses of psycho-analysis, however much pruned, as proven. The first is this: granted that sex does play such a large part, especially in early years, in the genesis of our mental organization, is it desirable that the average adult or adolescent should, by analysis, be given full self-knowledge on the subject?

The second is this : granted that sex does penetrate into more corners of mind in man than in lower organisms, is this really a regrettable thing, or can we find any grounds for believing it to be desirable or biologically progressive?

To answer this we shall have to go back a little to first principles, and consider, however briefly, certain facts as to the march of evolution.

Evolution is essentially progressive. It proceeds on the whole in a certain direction, and that direction is on the whole towards a realization of what seems to us to have positive value. The direction, however, as a matter of fact, is most striking when we consider the maximum level attained, much less

so when we consider the average, not at all when we look at the minimum.

The method or mechanism of progress may differ in different types, and it does differ in man from

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that which is found in other mammals. In most higher animals progress is brought about chiefly by natural selection operating upon individuals, although in a few forms selection operates chiefly upon groups of communities: in both cases the changes in the inherited constitution of the species are the important changes. In man, however, in all except the very early stages of his development, changes in inherited constitution have been small and unimportant, and the chief changes of evolutionary significance have been those in tradition; selection among individuals has been of relatively little importance, and selection has fallen mainly upon groups and, to an ever-increasing extent, upon their ideas and traditions.

In spite of differences in method as between different types of organism, the tendency has been in the same direction — towards a possibility of greater control, greater independence, greater complexity, and greater regulation or harmony.

Looked at from the evolutionary point of view, the moving, dynamic point of view, we have to think of human sex-psychology in yet another way. So far we have been treating it as what it is; now we must think of what it may become.

The general rule in evolution — the natural and obvious rule — is that acquisitions are not thrown away when change occurs, but built upon, utilized for some new function. The endostyle of the lowest chordates, part of a very primitive type of feeding

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mechanism, was converted, when they changed their

mode of life, into the thyroid gland: the parathyroids develop from the remains of the gill-apparatus when gills are discarded for lungs: the secondary sexual differences which originate as accidental consequence of the primary difference between the sexes are, over and over again, elaborated into special characters employed in courtship.

So the sex-instinct and its associated emotion, at first simply one among a number of separate and scarcely-correlated instincts, has in man become the basis for numerous new mental functions. It can enter into the composition of various emotions, though its character is often disguised and its presence often undetected. It contributes to some of the most exalted states of mind which we can experience. The sexual relationship, which in lower animals involves neither contact nor even propinquity, but simply simultaneous discharge of reproductive cells, and in most animals is a purely temporary affair, is very different in man. Even in those birds and non-human mammals in which the sexes remain associated for long periods or permanently, the different departments of life are more in water-tight compartments, the psychical activity is subordinate to the physiological: in man the physiological side, though of course still basic and necessary, is more — and can be much more — subordinate to the psychological, and all parts of the mental life interpenetrate to a much greater extent; so that the sex-instinct

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may become transformed by a psychological process roughly analogous to the transformation of physical energy, and reappear in altered guise in various other activities of mind.

If we look at the matter broadly, we see that man is in a period of evolutionary transition as regards sex. We found previously that the greatest change connected with sex which has been made in the evolution of higher animals was the change by which there was evolved a brain and mind with associated sense-organs in which accurate perception of objects at a distance could occur, a mechanism which really dominated the working of the organism as a whole,

and in which memory and emotion seemed to play an important part. Once this happened, the sex-instinct could be linked up with general emotional reactions and connected with external objects capable of inducing emotion.

What was the result? That in every group possessing such a type of mind, epigamic characters of a beautiful or striking or bizarre nature were evolved. This first linking-up of sex with mind produced, eventually, a large proportion of the beauty of the organic world. It coloured and adorned not only many a bird, but even newts and fish and spiders; it helped elicit song and music from mere sounds and noises; it moulded our own bodies, coloured our lips and eyes, and everywhere helped in adding grace to mere serviceableness; it saw to it that, as St. Paul puts it, "even our uncomely parts

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have an abundant comeliness/" But, as we have just pointed out, its connection with the mind's higher centres was in all pre-human forms still temporary, under the control of cyclical physiological changes, and the mind as a whole was still constructed in compartments, so that different instincts and different experiences did not necessarily or even usually come in contact with each other.

The next great change is being made now; it concerns a further development of mind and a consequent fresh mode of connection of sex with mental life. As we have outlined above, this change in mind consists in the tendency towards uniting the different parts of the psyche, both those portions given by heredity and the modification due to experience, into a single organic whole, and in making this whole more dominant over the other aspects of the organism; the consequent tendency as regards the relationship of sex to the organism is towards taking it out of its single groove, its water-tight compartment, and bringing it into more complete and more permanent union with the rest of the mind. Furthermore, the main change and the consequent change as regards sex are both of a biologically progressive nature.

We are now, I think, owing to our taking this broad biological view, in a better position to make up our minds as to some at least of the difficulties which beset us to-day in any attempt to deal squarely with the relation of sex to human life. It is true

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that some of these difficulties are permanent. The synthesis of a unitary and comprehensive mental organization can never be an easy task. The child is endowed with a number of instinctive tendencies which, as in animals, each tend whenever aroused to occupy the whole mental field to the exclusion of all others, producing divergence and lack of co-ordination instead of unity and organization. Then again, the experience of any one individual may be highly unusual. For the child to co-ordinate his various tendencies with each other and with his own experience and with the tradition and experience of the race must always be difficult, and there will always be some failures.

There is another permanent difficulty, a biological disharmony, in the fact that sexual maturity in man comes several years before general maturity, and that again, at least in any state of civilization which we can at present imagine as practicable, several years before the economic possibility of marriage. There will always be crises of adolescence; there will always be suffering and difficulty due to this disharmony in time between the origin of the full sexual instinct and the possibility of its proper satisfaction.

However, granted these permanent difficulties, there are others which may be reduced or made to disappear. Granted that we have to organize our minds into a whole, we can see the general plan on which we should aim at organizing it. We must aim first at having no barriers between different

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parts of the mind. Every attempt must be made in

the education of children to prevent there being a stigma attached to one whole section of mental life, and so to avoid its partial or total dissociation from the rest. On the other hand, the absence of barriers does not imply the absence of any relation of subordination or dominance of one part to another. One of the most important biological generalizations is that progressive evolution is accompanied by the rise of one part to dominance and, whenever there are many parts to be considered, by the arrangement of the rest in some form of hierarchy, each part being subordinate to one above, dominant to one below. It is such a hierarchy which we must try to construct in our mental organization.

It is obviously impossible here to go into the whole question of values and ideals, but it is clear to any one who has given the briefest reflection to the subject that there are certain values, aesthetic, intellectual, and moral, which are ultimate for the mind of man, certain ideals — of truth and honesty, intellectual satisfaction, righteousness or at least freedom from the sense of sin or guilt, completeness and self-realization, unselfishness and serviceableness and so forth — which (though perhaps in varying proportions) are by common consent accepted as the highest: and further that the greater the attempt to deepen and broaden these, to increase their mental intensity and to widen their range and association, the more they tend to emerge into something in-

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creasingly unitary, in which it is seen that honesty is also beautiful and useful, that intellectual satisfaction is in the long run serviceable to the community, that unselfishness to be effective requires thought and will besides mere altruistic emotion, that one of the greatest aids to any genuine righteousness is an aesthetic love of beautiful things that prevents our doing ugly things, and so ad infinitum.

The proper way, then, to build the sex instinct into the mental system is not to have its stimulation cause a merely physiological and uninhibited desire for its gratification, nor to bring about a forcible repression and an attempt to break connection between it and

the other parts of the mind.

The desirable method is to have free connection between it and the dominant ideas, so that its stimulation brings about a stimulation of them too. This leads, as a matter of experience, to the incorporation of the sexual emotion in the dominant ideas, or we had better say an interpenetration of one with the other, so that the sexual emotion is no longer simply sexual emotion, but is become part of something very much larger and very much better. Let the great writers say in their few words what I should say much worse in many.

Wordsworth's "sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused" opens a window on to the general process of sublimation: and Blake's description of the physical union of the sexes as "that . . . on which the soul expands her wing" is an epitome

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of a particular aspect of our particular problem. Or again, when St. Paul says "Am I not free?" or "All things are lawful unto me/" he means that by subordinating all sides of himself to his highest ideals, he has reached that state in which what he does is right to him because he only wants to do what is right. (True that, as he himself confesses, he is not always able to keep in that state: but when he is in it, he attains that complete freedom which is the subordination of lower to higher desire.)

Physiologically speaking, the activation of the sex instinct, when the connection is made in this way, arouses the higher centres, and these react upon the centres connected with the sex instinct, modifying their mode of action. The nett result is thus that both act simultaneously to produce a single whole of a new type. Processes of this nature are common in the nervous system, as has been shown for instance by Hughlings Jackson, Head, and Rivers. ^^

Thus the higher, dominant parts of the mind are strengthened by their connection with such lower parts as the simple sex instinct, and the sex instinct is able to play a role in any operation of the mind,

however exalted, in which emotion is in any way concerned. Rivers believes that the actual conflict between controlled and controlling parts of the mind is a potent generator of mental 'energy'; and adds, "whatever be the source of the energy, however, we can be confident that by the process of sublimation

13 See Rivers, '20, chs. iv, xviii.

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the lives upon which it is expended take a special course, and in such case it is not easy to place any limit to its activity. We do not know how high the goal that it may reach." ^*

The change is thus on the one side from the relative independence of the sex instinct towards its subordination to a position in a hierarchy of mental process, but on the other from a rigid limitation of its scope towards a greater universality by establishing connections with all other parts of the mind. Further, there is also a change towards greater dominance and "self-determination" of the mental as against the physical.

A great many of the difficulties which beset us, both as individuals and as communities, come from the fact that both these changes are only in process of being made, and are (even approximately) complete only in a very small number of persons.

Lack of restraint is failure to construct a properly-working hierarchy. That is a very simple example. Less easy to analyse but equally vicious, are the innumerable cases in which some sort of equilibrium is only attained not by a free interaction of dominant and subordinate parts, but by repression. Conflicts arise, which persist, either in an open form or in the subterranean regions of the unconscious. In either case they tend to be projected by the subject into his ideas of other people. This projection, or interpretation of external reality in terms of one's self, is

"Rivers, '20, p. 158.

a curious and almost universal attribute of the human mind. The most familiar example is perhaps the anthropomorphism which in religion after religion has invested the powers of the universe with human form, human mental process, human personality — or at least with form, mind, and personality similar to those of man; while a very simple case is that in which certain neurotic types project their depression so as to colour everything that comes into their cognizance a gloomy black.

In the sphere of sex this process is, alas, most potently at work. The man in whom the sexual instinct still lives a more or less independent, uninhibited life of its own, tends — unless he has special evidence to the contrary, and often even then — to interpret the behaviour and the minds of others in the terms familiar to himself, and to suppose that they too must be stopped by the fear of punishment or of loss of caste if they are not to commit excesses.

On the other hand, those in whom there is a constant conflict with a sexual origin project it here, there, and everywhere into the breasts of those they know, and interpret others' motives in terms of their own repressed wishes.

Furthermore, most of our existing laws and customs are based on a state of society in which the changes to which we have referred had not progressed as far as they have to-day, and man's psychology was a little less removed from that of other mammals.

The result is that those who attempt the com-

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plete emancipation possible to a properly-organized mind are confronted first by the lag of our institutions and traditions, and secondly by the unconcealed suspicion of all those — and they are as yet the large majority — in which the conflicts arising out of sex are unresolved. It is from the sum of those con-

flicts that the spirit prevalent with regard to sex to-day derives its character — shocked and shamefaced as regards one's own sexual life, vindictive and grudging as regards the difficulties of others. The bulk of men and women cannot treat sexual problems in a scientific spirit, because of the store of bottled-up emotion in the wrong place that they have laid up for themselves by their failure to come to proper terms with their sexual instincts. The soul should grow to deserve the words Crashaw wrote of St. Theresa — "O thou undaunted daughter of desires!" But this the soul of such disharmonic beings can never do.

This brings us to our other pressing question. Should the results of psycho-analytic methods, the knowledge that the sex instinct is fundamental and is interwoven into the roots of the highest spiritual activities — should the inculcation and demonstration of this be part of education? Some would say yes, and would argue that to know oneself is essential to a proper realization of one's capacities. Personally I am extremely doubtful of the correctness of this answer. Knowledge of the processes of digestion is

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not necessary to digest well — so long as we go on digesting well: it is only necessary when we digest badly. In that case the processes involved are automatic: but even in processes which require a great deal of learning, we find a similar state of affairs. A man can become expert at, say, a game requiring the most delicate adjustments of hand and eye without analysing the processes he employs, but by practising them, as finished articles, so to speak; and it is equally obvious that Shakespeare and Shelley and Blake and other great writers produced their works without the least analytical knowledge of the obscure and rather unpleasant processes which, if we are to believe the critics who psycho-analyse dead authors in the pages of Freudian journals, were "really" at work below the surface. Analysis constitutes a serious surgical operation for the mind, and, as one of the leading Austrian psycho-analysts has recently said, we do not want to perform this operation on healthy people any more than we want to open their

abdomens merely for the sake of seeing that their viscera are normal.

If matters concerning sex are treated properly during a child's development and education, the necessity for psycho-analysis and any extension of analytic knowledge of the foundations of one's own mind that it may bring is done away with. If it can be ensured that there is no obvious avoidance of the subject leading to repression in the child's mind, and on the other hand no undue prominence given to

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it so that a morbid curiosity is aroused, a large proportion of the conflicts that now arise could be avoided. The other necessity is that there should be provision for sublimation — in art or music, in social service or in one's own work, in religion, or, in modified form, in sport or romance.

It is perfectly possible, in such case, for mental development to proceed naturally and comparatively smoothly towards a unified organization of the type of which we have spoken. Psycho-analysis would not help a boy or girl developing in such a way, any more than would a study of all the characters we have inherited from our simian forefathers help us to realize our specifically human possibilities. On the other hand, when the intellectual desire to know things for their own sake is aroused, as it is in most boys and girls between the ages of about fourteen and twenty, then just as it is good, in order to get a true picture of the universe, for them to know and be presented with the evidence for man's evolution from lower forms, so it is good for the same reason to give them an account of their psychological organization, including evidence for the role which sex plays in the genesis of higher mental activities — without, however, any necessity for psychological experiments in burrowing into their own foundations. In this case such knowledge would have the additional value of putting them on their guard against allowing themselves to be prejudiced by their own incompletely-adjusted conflicts.

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We are all of us too prone to think that a phenomenon is somehow "explained," or interpreted better, by analysing it into its component parts or discovering its origin than by studying it in and for itself.

The new type of mental organization acquired by man permits of wholly new types of mental process, of a complexity as far exceeding those that we deduce in brutes as does the physical organism of a dog or an ant that of a polyp or a protozoan: and it is part of our business to realize those possibilities to the fullest extent.

To sum up, then, biological investigation in the first place shows us how certain abnormalities of sexual psychology may be more easily interpreted as caused by comparatively simple physical abnormalities than by the more complex distortions of psychological origin dealt with by psycho-analysis. In the second place, by giving us a broader aperçu than can otherwise be gained over the evolution of sex and the direction visible in biological history, it clears up to a certain extent some of the difficulties which the discoveries of the psycho-analytic school have rendered acute.

If the changes in the relation of the sex instinct to the rest of the mind, which I have spoken of above as being in operation at present, should one day progress so far as to be more or less carried through in a majority, or in a dominant section of the population, the whole outlook of society towards the sex

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problem would be changed, and the laws and institutions and customs connected with it completely remodelled.

The most pressing task of those who are thinking over the problem of sex in human life will often be the relief of suffering and the removal of abuses: but the broader view should never be forgotten, and

every attempt should be made to think constructively with a view to realizing the enormous possibilities that such a change would bring about.

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Irvin S. Cobb

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THE CURE FOR LONESOMENESS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Those Times And These*, by Irvin S. Cobb

THEY were on their way back from Father Minor's funeral. Going to the graveyard the horses had ambled slowly; coming home they trotted along briskly so that from under their feet the gravel grit sprang up, to blow out behind in little squills and pennons of yellow dust. The black plumes in the headstalls of the white span that drew the empty hearse nodded briskly. It was only their colour which kept those plumes from being downright cheerful. Also, en route to the cemetery, the pallbearers, both honorary and active, had marched in double file at the head of the procession. Now, returning, they rode in carriages especially provided for them.

The first carriage--that is to say, the first one following the hearse--held four passengers: firstly, the widowed sister of the dead man, from up state somewhere; secondly and thirdly, two strange priests who had come over from Hopkinsburg to conduct the services; finally and fourthly, the late Father Minor's housekeeper, a lean and elderly spinster whose devoutness made her dour; indeed, a person whom piety beset almost as a physical affliction. Seeing her any time at all, the observer went away filled with the belief that in her particular case the more certain this woman might be of blessedness hereafter, the more miserable she would feel in the meantime. Now, as her grief-drawn face and reddened eyes looked forth from the carriage window upon the familiar panorama of Buckner Street, all about her bespoke the profound conviction that this world, already lost in sin, was doubly lost since Father Minor had gone to take his reward.

In the second carriage rode four of the honorary pallbearers, and

each of them was a veteran, as the dead priest had been: Circuit Judge Priest, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, Doctor Lake, and Mr. Peter J. Galloway, our leading blacksmith and horseshoer. Of these four Mr. Galloway was the only one who worshipped according to the faith the dead man had preached. But all of them were members in good standing of the Gideon K. Irons Camp.

As though to match the changed gait of the undertaker's horses, the spirits of these old men were uplifted into a sort of tempered cheerfulness. So often it is that way after the mourners come away from the grave. All that kindly hands might do for him who was departed out of this life had been done. The spade had shaped up and smoothed down the clods which covered him; the flowers had been piled upon the sexton's mounded handiwork until the raw brown earth was almost hidden. Probably already the hot morning sun was wilting the blossoms. By to-morrow morning the petals would be falling--a drifting testimony to the mortality of all living things.

On the way out these four had said mighty little to one another, but in their present mood they spoke freely of their departed comrade--his sayings, his looks, little ways that he had, stories of his early life before he took holy orders, when he rode hard and fought hard, and very possibly swore hard, as a trooper in Morgan's cavalry.

"It was a fine grand big turnout they gave him this day," said Mr. Galloway with a tincture of melancholy pride in his voice. "Almost as many Protestants as Catholics there."

"Herman Felsburg sent the biggest floral design there was," said Doctor Lake. "I saw his name on the card."

"That's the way Father Tom would have liked it to be, I reckon," said Judge Priest from his corner of the carriage. "After all, boys, the best test of a man ain't so much the amount of cash he's left in the bank, but how many'll turn out to pay him their respects when they put him away."

"Still, at that," said the sergeant, "I taken notice of several absentees--from the Camp, I mean. I didn't see Jake Smedley nowheres around at the church, or at the graveyard neither."

"Jake's got right porely," explained Judge Priest. "He's been lookin' kind of ga'nted anyhow, lately. I'm feared Jake is beginnin' to break."

"Oh, I reckon tain't ez bad ez all that," said the sergeant. "You'll see Jake comin' round all right ez soon ez the weather turns off cool ag'in. Us old boys may be gittin' along in years, but we're a purty husky crew yit. It's a powerful hard job to kill one of us off. I'm sixty-seven myself, but most of the time I feel ez peart and skittish ez a colt."

He spoke for the moment vaingloriously; then his tone altered: "I'm luckier, though, than some--in the matter of general health. Take Abner Tilghman now, for instance. Sence he had that second stroke Abner jest kin make out to crawl about. He wasn't there to-day with us neither."

"Boys," said Doctor Lake, "I hope it's no reflection on my professional abilities, but it seems to me I've been losing a lot of my patients here recently. I'm afraid Ab Tilghman is going to be the next one to make a gap in the ranks. Just between us, he's in mighty bad shape. Did it ever occur to any of you to count up and see how many members of the Camp we've buried this past year, starting in last January with old Professor Reese and winding up to-day with Father Minor?"

None of them answered him in words. Only Judge Priest gave a little stubborn shake of his head, as though to ward away an unpleasant thought. Tact inspired Sergeant Bagby to direct the conversation into a different channel.

"I reckon Mrs. Herman Felsburg won't know whut to do now with that extry fish she always fries of a Friday," said the sergeant.

"That's right too, Jimmy," said Mr. Galloway. "Well, God bless her anyway for a fine lady!"

Had you, reader, enjoyed the advantage of living in our town and of knowing its customs, you would have understood at once what this last reference meant. You see, the Felsburgs, in their fine home, lived diagonally across the street from the little priest house behind the Catholic church. Mrs. Felsburg was distinguished for being a rigid adherent to the ritualistic laws of her people. Away from home her husband and her sons might choose whatever fare suited their several palates, but beneath her roof and at the table where she presided they found none of the forbidden foods.

On Fridays she cooked with her own hands the fish for the cold _Shabbath_ supper and, having cooked them, she set them aside to cool. But always the finest, crispest fish of all, while still hot, was spread upon one of Mrs. Felsburg's best company plates and covered over with one of Mrs. Felsburg's fine white napkins, and then a servant would run across the street with it, from Mrs. Felsburg's side gate to the front door of the priest house, and hand it in to the dour-faced housekeeper with Mrs. Felsburg's compliments. And so that night, at his main meal of the day, Father Minor would dine on prime river perch or fresh lake crappie, fried in olive oil by an orthodox Jewess. Year in and year out this thing had happened once a week regularly. Probably it would not happen again. Father Minor's successor, whoever he might be, might not understand. Mr. Galloway nodded abstractedly, and for a little bit nothing was said.

The carriage bearing them twisted out of the procession, leaving a gap in it, and stopped in front of Doctor Lake's red-brick residence. The old doctor climbed down stiffly and, leaning heavily on his cane, went up the walk to his house. Next Mr. Galloway was dropped at his shabby little house, snug in its ambuscade behind a bushwhacker's paradise of lilac bushes; and pretty soon after that it was Sergeant Bagby's turn to get out. As the carriage slowed up for the third stop Judge Priest laid a demurring hand upon his companion's arm.

"Come on out to my place, this evenin', Jimmy," he said, "and have a bite of supper with me. There won't be nobody there but jest you and me, and after supper we kin set a spell and talk over old times."

The sergeant shook his whity-grey head in regretful dissent.

"I wish't I could, Judge," he said, "but it can't be done--not to-night."

"Better come on!" The judge's tone was pleading. "I sort of figger that there old nigger cook of mine has killed a young chicken. And she kin mix up a batch of waffle batter in less'n no time a-tall."

"Not to-night, Billy; some night soon I'll come, shore. But to-night my wife is figurin' on company, and ef I don't show up there'll be hell to pay and no pitch hot."

"Listen, Jimmy; listen to me." The judge spoke fast, for the sergeant was out of the carriage by now. "I've got a quart of special licker that Lieutenant Governor Bosworth sent me frum Lexington. Thirty-two years old, Jimmy--handmade and run through a gum log. Copper nor iron ain't never teched it. And when you pour a dram of it out into a glass it beads up same ez ef it had soapsuds down in the bottom of it--it does fur a fact. There ain't been but two drinks drunk out of that quart."

"Judge, please quit teasin' me!" Like unto a peppercorn, ground between the millstones of duty and desire, the sergeant backed reluctantly away from between the carriage wheels.

"You know yourse'f how wimmin folks are. It's the new Campbellite preacher that's comin' to-night, and there won't be a drop to drink on the table exceptin' maybe lemonade or ice tea. But I've jest natchelly got to be on hand and, whut's more, I've got to be on my best behaviour too. Dem that new preacher! Why couldn't he a-picked out some other night than this one?"

"Jimmy, listen----"

But the sergeant had turned and was fleeing to sanctuary, beyond reach of the tempter's tongue.

So for the last eighth-mile of the ride, until the black driver halted his team at the Priest place out on Clay Street, the judge rode alone. Laboriously he crawled out from beneath the overhang of the carriage top, handed up two bits as a parting gift to the darky on the seat, and waddled across the sidewalk.

The latch on the gate was broken. It had been broken for weeks. The old man slammed the gate to with a passionate jerk. The infirm latch clicked weakly, then slipped out of the iron nick and the gate sagged open--an invitation to anybody's wandering livestock to come right on in and feast upon the shrubs, which from lack of pruning had become thick, irregular little jungles. Clumps of rank grass, like green scalp locks, were sprouting in the walk, and when the master had mounted the creaking steps he saw where two porch planks had warped apart, leaving a gap between them. In and out of the space ran big black ants. The house needed painting, too, he noticed; in places where the rain water had dribbled out of a rust-hole in the tin gutter overhead, the grain of the clapboarding showed through its white coating. Mentally the judge promised himself that he would take a couple of days off sometime soon and call in workmen and have the whole shebang tidied and fixed up. Once a place began to run down it seemed to break out with neglect all over, as with a rash.

Halfway through his supper that evening the judge, who had been strangely silent in the early part of the meal, addressed his house boy, Jeff Poindexter, in the accents of a marked disapproval.

"Look here, Jeff," he demanded, "have I got to tell you ag'in about mendin' the ketch on that front gate?"

"Yas, suh--I means no, suh," Jeff corrected himself quickly. "Ise aimin' to do it fust thing in de mawnin', suh," added Jeff glibly, repeating a false pledge for perhaps the dozenth time within a month. "I got so many things to do round yere, Jedge, dat sometimes hit seems lak I can't think whut nary one of 'em is."

"Huh!" snorted his employer crossly. Then he went on warningly: "Some of these days there's goin' to be a sudden change in this house ef things ain't attended to better--whole place goin' to rack and ruin like it is."

Wriggling uneasily Jeff found a pretext for withdrawing himself, the situation having become embarrassing. It wasn't often that the judge gave way to temper. Not that Jeff feared the covert threat of discharge. If anybody quit it wouldn't be Jeff, as Jeff well knew. Usually Jeff had an excuse ready for any accusation of shortcomings on his part; thinking them up was his regular specialty. But this particular moment did not seem a propitious one for offering excuses. Jeff noiselessly evaporated

out of sight and hearing.

In silence the master hurried through the meal, eating it with what for him was unusual speed. He was beset with an urge to be out of the big high-ceiled dining room. Looking about it he told himself it wasn't a dining room at all--just a bare barracks, full of emptiness and mighty little else.

After supper he sat on the porch, while the long twilight gloomed into dusk and the dusk into night. He was half-minded to walk downtown in the hope of finding congenial company at Soule's drug store, the favoured loafing place of his dwindling set of cronies. But he changed his mind. Since Mr. Soule, growing infirm, had taken a younger man for a partner, the drug store was changed. Its old-time air of hospitality and comfort had somehow altered.

The judge smoked on, rocking back and forth in his chair. The bull bats, which had been dodging about in the air as long as the daylight lasted, were gone now, and their shy cousin, the whippoorwill, began calling from down in the old Enders orchard at the far end of the street. Two or three times there came to Judge Priest's ears the sound of footsteps clunking along the plank sidewalk on his side of the road, and at that he sat erect, hoping each time the gate hinges would whine a warning of callers dropping in to bear him company. But the unseen pedestrians passed on without turning in. The whippoorwill moved up close to Judge Priest's side fence. A little night wind that had something on its mind began with a mournful whispering sound to swish through the top of the big cedar alongside the porch.

The judge stood it until nearly half-past nine o'clock. Even under the most favourable circumstances a whippoorwill and a remorseful night wind, telling its troubles to an evergreen tree, do not make what one would call exhilarating company. He closed and locked the front door, turned out the single gas light which burned in the hall and went up the stairs. In its main design the house was Colonial--Southern Colonial. But his bedroom was in an ell, above a side porch overlooking the croquet ground, and this ell was adorned with plank curlicues under its gables, and a square, ugly, useless little balcony, like a misplaced wooden moustache, adhered to its most prominent elevation on the side facing the front. The judge frequently said that, as nearly as he could figure it out, the extension belonged to the Rutherford B. Hayes period of American architecture.

Except for him the house was empty. Aunt Dilsey didn't stay on the place at night and Jeff's sleeping quarters were over the stable at the back. As Judge Priest felt his way through the upper hall and made a light in his bedchamber, the house was giving off those little creaking, complaining sounds from its joints that an old tired house always gives off when it is lonely for a fuller measure of human occupancy.

His own room, revealed now in its homely contour and its still homelier furnishings, was neat enough, with Jeff's ideas of neatness, but all about it indubitably betrayed the fact that only male hands cared for it. The tall black-walnut bureau lacked a cover for its top; the mantel was littered with cigar boxes and old law reports; the dead asparagus ferns, banked in the grate, were faded to a musty yellow; and some of the fronds had fallen out across the hearth so that remotely the fireplace suggested the mouth of a big cow choking on an overly large bite of dried hay. In places the matting on the floor was frayed almost through.

Just from the careless skew of the coverlid and the set of the pillows against the white bolster, you would have known at a glance that a man had made up the bed that morning.

Barring one picture the walls were bare. This lone picture hung in a space between the two front windows, right where the occupant of the room, if so minded, might look at it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Beyond any doubt a lover of the truly refined in art would have looked at it with a shudder, for it was one of those crayon portraits--a crayon portrait done in the most crayonsome and grewsome style of a self-taught artist working by the day rather than by the piece. Plainly it had been enlarged, as the trade term goes, from a photograph; the enlarger thereof had been lavish with his black leads; that, too, was self-evident. The original photographer had done his worst with the subject; the retoucher had gone him one better.

It was a likeness--you might call it a likeness--of a woman dressed in the abominable style of the late seventies--with heavy bangs down in her eyes, and a tight-fitting basque with enormous sleeves, and long pendent eardrops in her ears. The artist, whoever he was, had striven masterfully to rob the likeness of all expression. There alone his craftsmanship had failed him. For even he had not altogether taken away from the face a certain suggestion of old-fashioned wistfulness and sweetness. In all other regards, though, he had had his reckless way with it. The eyes were black and staring, the lines of the figure stiff and artificial, and the background for the head was a pastel nightmare.

For so long had Judge Priest been wifeless and childless that many of the younger generation in our town knew nothing of the tragedy in this old man's life--which was that the same diphtheria epidemic that took both his babies in one week's time had widowed him too. We knew he loved other people's children; some of us never suspected that once upon a time he had had children of his own to love. Except in his memory no images of the dead babies endured, and this crayon portrait was the sole sentimental reminder left to him of his married life. And so, to him, it was a perfect and a matchless thing. He wouldn't have traded it for all the canvases of all the old masters in all the art galleries in this

round big world.

This night, before he undressed, he went over and stood in front of it and looked at it for a while. There was dust in the grooves of the heavy tarnished gilt frame. From the top bureau drawer he took a big silk handkerchief and carefully he wiped the dust away. Then, before he put the handkerchief back in its place, he straightened the thing upon the nail which held it, and gave the glass front an awkward little caress with his pudgy old hand.

“It's been a long, long time, honey, since you went away and left me,” he said slowly, in the voice of one addressing a hearer very near at hand; “but I still miss you and the babies powerfully. And sometimes it's sorter lonesome here without you.”

A little later, when the light had been turned out, a noise like a long, deep sigh sounded out in the darkness. That, though, might have been the wheeze of the afflicted bedsprings as the old judge let his weight down in the bed.

An hour passed and there was another small sound there--a muffled nibbling sound. Behind the wainscoting, between bedroom and bathroom, a young, adventuresome rat gnawed at a box of matches which he had found on the floor in the hall and had dragged to his nest in the wall. From within the box a strangely tantalising aroma escaped; the rat, being deluded thereby into the belief that phosphorus might be an edible dainty, was minded to sample the contents. Presently his teeth met through the cover of the box. There was a sharp flaring pop, followed by a swift succession of other pops, and the rat gave a jump and departed elsewhere in great haste, with a hot bad smell in his snout and his adolescent whiskers quite entirely singed away.

The Confederates, in ragged uniforms of butternut jeans, were squatted in a clump of pawpaw bushes on the edge of a stretch of ploughed ground. From the woods on the far side of the field Yankee skirmishers were shooting toward them. A shell from the batteries must have fallen nearby and set fire to the dried leaves and the fallen brush, for the smoke kept blowing in a fellow's face, choking him and making him cough. Captain Tip Meldrum, the commander of Company B, was just behind the men, giving the order to fire back. High Private Billy Priest aimed his musket at the thickets where the Yankees were hidden and pulled the trigger, but the cap on the nipple of his piece was defective or something, and the charge wouldn't explode. “Fire! Fire! Fire!” yelled Captain Tip Meldrum over and over again, and then he yanked out his own horse-pistol and emptied it into the hostile timber. But Private Priest's gun still balked. He flung it down--and found himself sitting up in bed, gasping.

The dream hadn't been altogether a dream at that. For there was indeed

smoke in the judge's eyes and his nostrils--plenty of it. A revolver was cracking out its shots somewhere near at hand; somebody outside his window was shrieking "Fire!" at the top of a good strong voice. In the distance other voices were taking up the cry.

In an earlier day, when a fire started in town, the man who discovered it drew his pistol if he were on the highway, or snatched it up if he chanced to be at home, and pointing its barrel at the sky emptied it into the air as fast as the cylinder would turn. The man next door followed suit and so on until volleys were rattling all over the neighbourhood. Thus were the townspeople aroused and, along with the townspeople, the members of the volunteer fire department. Now we had a paid department and a regular electric-alarm system, predicated on boxes and gongs and wires and things; but in outlying districts the pistol-shooting fashion of spreading the word still prevailed to a considerable extent, and more especially did it prevail at nighttime. So it didn't take the late dreamer longer than the shake of a sheep's tail to separate what was fancy from what was reality.

As Judge Priest, yet half asleep but waking up mighty fast, shoved his stout legs into his trousers and tucked the tails of his nightshirt down inside the waistband, he decided it must be his barn and not his house that was afire. The smoke which filled the room seemed to be eddying in through the side window, from across the end of the ell structure. He thought of his old white mare, Mittie May, fast in her stall under the hay loft, and of Jeff, who was one of the soundest sleepers in the world, in his room right alongside the mow. There was need for him to move, and move fast. He must awaken Jeff first, and then get Mittie May out of danger. Barefooted, he felt his way across the room and along the hall and down the stairs, mending his gait as he went. And then, as he jerked the front door open and stumbled out upon the porch, he came into violent collision with Ed Tilghman, Junior, who lived across the street, and who had just bounded up the porch steps with the idea of hammering on the front-door panels. Tilghman was a young man and the judge an old one; it was inevitable the judge should suffer the more painful consequences of the sudden impact of their two bodies together. He went down sideways with a great hard thump, his forehead striking against a sharp corner of the door jamb. He was senseless, and a little stream of blood was beginning to trickle down his face as Tilghman dragged him down off the porch into the yard and stretched him on his back in the grass, and then ran to fetch water.

In that same minute the big bell in the tower of fire headquarters, half a mile away, began sounding in measured beats, and a small hungry-looking tongue of flame licked up across the sill and flickered for a moment through the smoke which was pouring forth out of the bathroom window and rolling across the flat top of the extension. The smoke gushed out still thicker, smothering down the red pennon, but in a second or two it showed again, and this time it brought with it two more

like it. The bathroom window became a frame for a cloudy pink glare, and the purring note of the fire became a brisk and healthy crackle as it ate through the seasoned clapboards of the outer wall.

All of a sudden, so it seemed, the yard and the street were full of people. Promptly there began to happen most of the things that do happen at a fire. As for instance: Mr. Milus Miles, who arrived among the very first and who had a commandingly loud voice, mounted a rustic bench alongside the croquet ground and called for volunteers to form a bucket brigade. That his recruits would have no buckets to pass after they had enrolled themselves for service was with Mr. Miles a minor consideration. It was the spirit of the thing, the forethought, the responsibility, the aptitude for leadership in a work of succour--all these inspired him.

Mr. Ulysses Rice, who lived in the next street, climbed the side fence--under the circumstances it somehow to him seemed a more resolute thing to scale the fence than to enter by the gate in the regular way--and ran across the yard, inspired with a neighbourly and commendable desire to save something right away. He put his toe in a croquet wicket and fell headlong. This was to be expected of Mr. Rice. He had a perfect genius for getting into accidents. All Nature was ever in a conspiracy with all the inanimate objects in the world to do him bodily hurt. If he went skiff riding and fell overboard, as he customarily did, it was not because he had rocked the boat. The boat rocked itself. He was the only man in town who had ever succeeded in gashing his throat with a safety razor.

He now disentangled his foot from the wicket and scrambled up and, still actuated by the best motives imaginable, he dashed toward the back of the Priest homestead, being minded to seek entrance by a rear door. But a wire clothesline, swinging at exactly the right height to catch him just under the nose, did catch him just under the nose and almost sawed the tip of that useful organ off Mr. Rice's agonised face. Coincidentally, citizens of various ages and assorted sizes ran into the house and dragged out the furnishings of the lower floor, bestowing their salvage right where other citizens might fall over it. Through all the joints between the shingles the roof of the ell leaked smoke, until it resembled a sloped bed of slaking lime. This fire was rapidly getting to be a regular fire.

With a great clattering the department came tearing up the street. Dropping down from their perches on the running boards of the wagons, certain of its members began unreeling the hose, then ran back with it to couple it to the nearest fire hydrant, nearly two blocks away down Clay Street. Others brought a ladder and reared it against the side of the house, with its uppermost rounds projecting above the low eaves. While many hands steadied the ladder in place, Captain Bud Gorman of Station No. 1--there was also a Station No. 2, but Bud skippered Station

No. 1--mounted it and, with an axe, started chopping a hole in the roof at a point where there seemed as yet to be no immediate peril. Under his strokes the shingles flew in showers. It was evident that if the flames should spread to this immediate area Captain Bud Gorman would have a rough but practicable flue ready for their egress into the open air, against the moment when they had burst through the ceiling and the rafters below.

More people and yet more kept coming. The rubber piping, which perversely had kinked and twisted as it came off the spinning drum of hose reel No. 1, was fairly straight now, and from his station just inside the gate the fire chief bellowed the command down the line to turn 'er on! They turned her on, but somewhere in the coupled sections of hose a stricture had developed. All that happened was that from the brass snout of the nozzle a languid gush of yellow water arose in a fan shape to an elevation of perhaps fifteen feet, thence descending in a cascade, not upon the particular spot at which the nozzle was aimed, but full upon the ill-starred Mr. Rice as he tugged to uproot a wooden support of the little grape arbor which flanked the house on the endangered side. Somewhat disfigured by the clothesline but still resolute to lend a helping hand somewhere, Mr. Rice had but a moment before become possessed of an ambition to remove the grape vines, trellis and all, to a place of safety. His reward for this kindly attempt was a sudden soaking.

As though the hiss of the water had aroused him, Judge Priest sat up in the grass, where he had been lying during these tumultuous and crowded five minutes. He was still half dazed. As his eyesight cleared, he saw that the bathroom was as good as gone and that his bedroom was about to go. Some one helped him to his unsteady feet and kept him upright. He shook himself free from the supporting grasp of the person who held him, and advanced toward the porch steps, wavering a little on his legs as he went.

Then, before anybody sensed what he meant to do, before anybody could make a move to stop him, he had mounted the steps and was at the front door.

Out of the door, bumping into him, backed a coughing, gasping squad, their noses smarting and their eyes streaming from the acrid reek, towing after them the big horsehair sofa which was the principal piece of furniture in the judge's sitting room. The sofa had lost two of its casters in transit, and it took all their strength to drag it over the lintel.

"It's no use, Judge Priest," panted one of these workers, recognising him; "we've got pretty nearly everything out that was downstairs and you couldn't get upstairs now if you tried."

Then seeing that the owner meant to disregard the warning, this man threw out an arm forcibly to detain the other. But for all his age and size, the judge was wieldy enough when he chose to be. With an agile twist of his body he dodged past, and as the man, astounded and horrified, glared across the threshold he saw Judge Priest running down the murky hall and, with head bent and his mouth and nose buried in the crook of one elbow, starting up the stairs into the thickest and blackest of the smoke. To this man's credit, be it said, he made a valiant effort to overtake the old man. The pursuer darted in behind him, but at the foot of the steps fell back, daunted and unable to breathe. He staggered out again into the open, gagging with the smoke that was in his throat and down in his lungs.

"He's gone in there!" he shouted, pointing behind him. "He's gone right in there! He's gone upstairs!"

"Who is it? Who's gone in there?" twenty voices demanded together.

"The judge--just a second ago! I tried to stop him--he got by me! He ain't got a chance!" Even as he spoke the words, a draught of fire came roaring through the crater in the roof which Captain Bud Gorman's axe had dug for its free passage. An outcry--half gasp, half groan--went up from those who knew what had happened. They ran round in rings wasting precious time.

Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, half dressed, trotted across the lawn. He had just arrived. He grabbed young Ed Tilghman by the arm.

"How'd she start, boy?" demanded the sergeant. "Where's the judge? Did they git everything out?"

"Everything out--hell!" answered Tilghman, sobbing in his distress.

"The old judge is in there. He got a lick on the head and it must have made him crazy. He just ran back in there and went upstairs. He'll never make it--and nobody can get him out. He'll smother to death sure!"

Down on his knees dropped Sergeant Bagby and shut his eyes, and for the first, last and only time in his life he prayed aloud in public.

"Oh, Lord," he prayed, "fur God's sake git Billy Priest out of there! Oh, Lord, that's all I'll ever ask You--fur God's sake git Billy Priest out of there! Ez a favour to me, Lord, please, Suh, git Billy Priest out of there!" From many throats at once a yell arose--a yell so shrill and loud that it overtopped all lesser sounds; a yell so loud that the sergeant ceased from his praying to look. Through the smoke, and over the sloping peak of the roof from the rear, came a slim, dark shape on its all-fours. Treading the pitch of the gable as swiftly and surefootedly as a cat, it scuttled forward to the front edge of the housetop, swung downward at arms' length from the eaves, and dropped

on a narrow ledge of tin-covered surface where the small ornamental balcony, which was like a misplaced wooden moustache, projected from the face of the building at the level of the second floor, then instantly dived headfirst in at that window of the judge's bedchamber which was farthest from the corner next the bathroom.

For a silent minute--a minute which seemed a year--those below stared upward, with starting eyes and lumps in their throats. Then, all together, they swallowed their several throat lumps and united in an exultant joyous yell, which made that other yell they had uttered a little before seem by comparison puny and cheap. Through the smoke which bulged from the balcony window and out upon the balcony itself popped the agile black figure. Bracing itself, it hauled across the window ledge a bulky inert form. It wrestled its helpless burden over and eased it down the flat, tiny railed-in perch just as a fire ladder, manned by many eager hands, came straightening up from below, with Captain Bud Gorman of Station No. 1 climbing it, two rounds at a jump, before it had ceased to waver in the air.

Volunteers swarmed up the ladder behind Bud Gorman, forming a living chain from the earth to the balcony. First they passed down the judge, breathing and whole but unconscious, with his nightshirt torn off his back and his bare right arm still clenched round a picture of some sort in a heavy gilt frame. His grip on it did not relax until they had carried him well back from the burning house, and for the second time that night had stretched him out upon the grass.

The judge being safe, the men on the ladder made room for Jeff Poindexter to descend under his own motive power, all of them cheering mightily. Just as Jeff reached solid ground the stoppage in the hose unstopped itself of its own accord and from the brazen gullet of the nozzle there sprang up, like a silver sword, a straight, hard stream of water which lanced into the heart of the fire, turning its exultant song from a crackle to a croon and then to a resentful hiss.

In that same instant Sergeant Bagby found himself, for the first time since he escaped from the kindly tyranny of a black mammy--nearly sixty years before--in close and ardent embrace with a member of the African race.

"Jeff," clarified the sergeant, hugging the blistered rescuer yet closer to him and beating him on the back with hearty thumps--"Jeff, God bless your black hide, how did you come to think of it?"

"Well, suh, Mr. Bagby," wheezed Jeff, "hit wuz lak dis: I didn't wake up w'en she fust started. I got so much on my mind to do daytimes 'at I sleeps mighty sound w'en I does sleep. Presen'ly, tho', I did wake up, an' I got my pants on, an' I come runnin' acrost de lot frum de stable, an' I got heah jes' in time to hear 'em all yellin' out dat de jedge is

done went back into de house. I sees there ain't no chanc't of goin' in after him de way he's done went, but jes' about that time I remembers dat air little po'ch up yonder on de front of de house w'ich it seem lak ever'body else had done furgot all 'bout hit bein' there a-tall. So I runs round to de back right quick, an' I dim' up de lattice-work by de kitchen, an' I comes out along over de roof, an' I drap down on de little po'ch, an' after that, I reckon, you seen de rest of it fur you'self, suh--all but whut happen after I gits inside dat window."

"What did happen?" From the ring of men who hedged in the sergeant and Jeff five or six asked the same question at once. Before an all-white audience Jeff visibly expanded himself.

"W'y, nothin' a-tall happen," he said, "'ceptin' that I found de ole boss-man right where I figgered I'd find him--in his own room at de foot of his baid. He'd done fell down dere on de flo', right after he grabbed dat air picture offen de wall. Yas, suh, that's perzack-ly where I finds him!"

"But, Jeff, how could you breathe up there?" Still in the sergeant's cordial grasp, Jeff made direct answer:

"Gen'l'mens, I didn't! Fur de time bein' I jes' natchelly abandoned breathin'!"

Again that night Judge Priest had a dream--only this time the dream lacked continuity and sequence and was but a jumble of things--and he emerged from it with his thoughts all in confusion. In his first drowsy moment of consciousness he had a sensation of having taken a long journey along a dark rough road. For a little he lay wondering where he was, piecing together his impressions and trying to bridge the intervening gaps.

Then the light got better and he made out the anxious face of Doctor Lake looking down at him and, just over Doctor Lake's shoulder, the face of Sergeant Bagby. He opened his mouth then and spoke.

"Well, there's one thing certain shore," said the judge: "this ain't heaven! Because ef 'twas, there wouldn't be a chance of you and Jimmy Bagby bein' here with me."

Whereupon, for no apparent reason on earth that Judge Priest could fathom, Doctor Lake, with a huskily affectionate intonation, called him by many profane and improper names; and Sergeant Bagby, wiping his eyes with one hand, made his other hand up into a fist and shook it in Judge Priest's face, meanwhile emotionally denouncing him as several qualified varieties of an old idiot.

Under this treatment the fogginess quit Judge Priest's brain, and he

became aware of the presence of a considerable number of persons about him, including the two Edward Tilghmans--Senior and Junior--and the two Tilghman girls; and Jeff Poindexter, wearing about half as many garments as Jeff customarily wore, and with a slightly blistered appearance as to his face and shoulders; and Mr. Ulysses Rice, with a badly skinned nose and badly drenched shoulders; and divers others of his acquaintances. Indeed, he was quite surrounded by neighbours and friends. Also by degrees it became apparent to him that he was stretched upon a strange bed in a strange room--at least he did not recall ever having been in this room before--and that he had a bandage across the baldest part of his head, and that he felt tired all over his body.

“Well, I got out, didn't I?” he inquired after a minute or two.

“Got out--thunder!” vociferated the sergeant with what the judge regarded as a most unnecessary violence of voice and manner. “Ef this here black boy of yourn hadn't a-risked his own life, climbin' down over the roof and goin' in through a front window and draggin' you out of that fire--the same ez ef you was a sack of shorts--you'd a-been a goner, shore. Ain't you 'shamed of yourself, scarin' everybody half to death that-a-way?”

“Oh, it was Jeff, was it?” said the old judge, disregarding Sergeant Bagby's indignant interrogation. He looked steadfastly at his grinning servitor and, when he spoke again, there was a different intonation in his voice.

“Much obliged to you, Jeff.” That was all he said. It was the way he said it.

“You is more'n welcome, thank, suh,” answered Jeff; “it warn't scursely no trouble a-tall, suh--'cep'in' dem ole shingles on dat roof sittin'y wuz warm to de te'ch.”

“Did--did Jeff succeed in savin' anything else besides me?” The judge put the question as though half fearing what the answer might be.

“Ef you mean this--why, here 'tis, safe and sound,” said Sergeant Bagby, and he moved aside so that Judge Priest might see, leaning against the footboard of the bed, a certain crayon portrait. “The glass ain't cracked even and the frame ain't dented. You three come out of there practically together--Jeff a-hang-in' onto you and you a-hangin' onto your picture. So if that's whut you went chargin' back in there fur, I hope you're satisfied!”

“I'm satisfied,” said the judge softly. Then after a bit he cleared his throat and ventured another query:

“That old house of mine--I s'pose she's all burnt up by now?”

“Don't you ever believe it,” said the sergeant. “That there house of yours 'pears to be purty nigh ez contrary and set in its ways ez whut you are. It won't burn up, no matter how good a chance you give it. Jest about the time Jeff here drug you out on that little balcony outside your window, the water works begun to work, and after that they had her under control in less'n no time. She must be about out by now.”

“Your bathroom's a total loss and the extension on that side is pretty badly scorched up, but the rest of the place, excusing damage by the water and the smoke, is hardly damaged,” added the younger Tilghman. “You'll be able to move back in, inside of a month, judge.”

“And in the meantime you're going to stay right here, Judge Priest, and make my house your home,” announced Mr. Tilghman, Senior. “It's mighty plain, but such as it is you're welcome to it, judge. We'll do our level best to make you comfortable. Only I'm afraid you'll miss the things you've been used to having round you.”

“Oh, I reckon not,” said Judge Priest. His glance travelled slowly from the crayon portrait at the foot of the bed to Jeff Poindexter's chocolate-coloured face and back again to the portrait. “I've got mighty near everything I need to make me happy.”

“What I meant was that maybe you'd be kind of lonesome away from your own house,” Mr. Tilghman said.

“No, I don't believe so,” answered the old man, smiling a little. “You see, I taken the cure for lonesomeness to-night. You mout call it the smoke cure.”



H. W. Beecher

1813-1887

IMMORTALITY[1]

[1] From "Plymouth Pulpit Sermons." By permission of the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.

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If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.--1 Cor. xv., 19.

This is not the declaration of a universal principle: it is biographical and personal. And yet, there is in it a principle of prime importance. It is true that Paul and his compeers had sacrificed everything that was dear to man for the sake of Christ. Paul had given up the place that he held among his countrymen, and the things which surely awaited him. He had consented to be an exile. Loving Palestine and the memory of his fathers, as only a Jew could love, he found himself an outcast, and despised everywhere by his own people. And the catalog that he gives of the sufferings which he felt keenly; which perhaps would not have been felt by a man less susceptible than he, but which were no less keen in his case--that catalog shows how much he had given up for Christ. And if it should turn out that after all he had followed a mere fable, a

myth; that Christ was but a man; that, dying, He had come to an end; that He stayed dead, and that there was no resurrection, no future, but only that past through which he waded, and that present in which he was suffering, then, surely, it would be true that of all men he was most miserable.

This is the biographical view; but it may be said of all men, in this respect, that no persons can so ill afford to lose faith of immortality as those who have had all their affections burnished, deepened and rendered sensitive by the power of Christianity. When Christianity has had the education of generation after generation, and has shaped the style of its manhood, and ordained the institutions by which its affections have been enlarged and purified; when, in short, generations of men have been legitimately the children of Christianity, to take away from them the faith of immortality would be a cruelty which could have no parallel in the amount of suffering which it would entail.

It is not necessarily true that men without a hope of Christianity would have no incitement to virtue--certainly not in the ordinary way in which it is put to us. Abstractly, it is said that virtue is its own reward--and it is. If there was enough of it to amount to anything, it would be a great, an exceeding great, reward; but where it is a spark; a germ; where it is struggling for its own existence; where it bears but a few ripe fruits, the reward is hardly worth the culture. If all that we get is what we have in this life, it is but little.

Many men are favorably organized and favorably situated; they have an unyearning content; things seem good enough for them; and they do not understand why it is that persons should desire immortality and glory--that is, at first. In general, I think there are few persons that live long in life who do not, sooner or later, come to a point in which they wake up to the consciousness of a need of this kind. It is not always true in the case of persons of refined moral and intellectual culture that they are conscious of needing a belief in immortality; but a belief in immortality is the unavoidable result and the indispensable requirement of all true manhood. When you look at growth, not in each particular case, but largely, as it develops itself in communities; when you consider it, not only in a single individual, but in whole communities, as they develop from childhood to manhood, or from barbarism through semi-civilization to civilization and refinement, the law of development is always away from animal life and its sustaining appetites and passions toward the moral and the intellectual. That is the direction in which unfolding takes place.

The naturalist watches the insect, and studies all the stages through which it goes, till it becomes a perfect insect. We look at

a seed, and see how it develops stem and leaf and blossom all the way through, till we find out what the plant is in its final and perfect condition. And in studying men to know what is the perfect condition of manhood, looking at them from the beginning to the end, which way does manhood lie, in the direction of the bodily appetites and senses, or in the other direction?

Men come into life perfect animals. There is very little that culture does in that direction, giving them a little more or a little less use of themselves, as the case may be. That which we mean when we speak of developing manhood in a child, is something more than the development of symmetry of form and power of physical organization. When we speak of the civilization and refinement of the race at large, development does not mean bodily power or bodily skill: it means reason; moral sense; imagination; profounder affection; subtler, purer, sweeter domestic relations. Manhood grows away from bodily conditions, without ever leaving them. The body becomes a socket, and the soul is a lamp in it. And if you look narrowly at what we mean by growth in mankind, whether it be applied to the individual or to the race, you will find that we mean an unfolding which takes a man away from the material toward that which is subtler, more spiritual, existing outside of the ordinary senses, tho acting from them, as something better than bone and muscle, nerve and tissue.

All development, then, is from the animal toward the spiritual and the invisible. This is the public sentiment of mankind even in the lower forms of society. What are considered heroic traits, the things which bring admiration to men, if narrowly examined will be found to be not the things which belong to men as brutes--tho these things may be employed by them as instruments. Even in the cases of such men as Samson and Hercules, who were rude, brute men, it was not their strength that drew admiration to them: it was their heroism; it was their patriotism; it was that which they did by their strength for their kind, and not for themselves. And in lower societies it is courage, it is self-devotion, it is the want of fear, it is the higher form of animal life, that attracts admiration. But as we develop out of barbarous into civilized conditions, we admire men, not because they can lift so much, or throw such heavy weights, or endure such hardships of body. Admiration on these accounts has its place; but higher than these is the power of thought, the power of planning, the power of executing, the power of living at one point so as to comprehend in the effects produced all circuits of time in the future. Thought-power; emotion; moral sense; justice; equity in all its forms; higher manhood, and its branches, which stretch up into the atmosphere and reach nearest to the sun--these are something other than those qualities which develop earliest, and are lowest--nearest to the ground.

True manhood, then, has its ripeness in the higher faculties. Without disdaining the companionship of the body the manhood of man grows away from it--in another direction. There is not simply the ripening of the physical that is in man; but there is, by means of the physical, the ripening of the intellectual, the emotional, the moral, the esthetic life, as well as the whole spiritual nature.

When reason and moral sense are developed, there will inevitably spring up within a man an element the value of which consists in perpetuating things--in their continuance. It is spontaneous and universal for one to seek to perpetuate, to extend life. I do not mean by this that one wants to live a great while; but men are perpetually under the unconscious influence of this in their nature: the attempt to give form and permanence to that which is best in their manhood. We build, to be sure, primarily, to cover ourselves from the elements; but we very soon cease to build for that only: we not merely build for protection from cold and from wet, but we build for gratification. We build to gratify the sense of beauty, the sense of convenience, and the sense of love. And we go on beyond that: we build in order that we may send down to those who are to come after us a memorial of our embodied, incarnated thoughts. In other words, when men build, they seek, by incarnation, to render things permanent which have existed only as thoughts or transient emotions. There is a tendency to incarnate the fugitive elements in men, and give them permanence. And the element of continuing is one of the elements which belong to the higher manhood.

This throws light upon the material growths of society. Men strive to perpetuate thoughts and feelings which are evanescent unless they are born into matter. Men build things for duration. There is this unconscious following out of things to make them last; to give them long periods. And it opens up to men the sense of their augmented being. Largeness of being is indissolubly connected with extended time of being.

We admire the pyramids, not because they have been associated with so many histories, but because they have stood so many ages. We admire old trees, not because so many tribes have sat under them, nor because so many events have taken place beneath them, but simply because they have age with them. For there are mute, inexplicable feelings connected with the mere extension of time which belong to the higher development of manhood in us. Frangible things are of less value than things that are infrangible. Things that last are of more value, on the same plane, than their congeners are that do not last.

Who can equal the pictures which are painted on the panes of glass in our winter rooms? Where can you find a Lambineau, or any painter

who can give a mountain scenery such as we have for nothing, every morning, when we wake up, and such as the sun outside, or the stove inside, destroys before ten o'clock? These pictures are not valued as are those which are painted on canvas, and which are not half so good; but the element of enduring is with the latter, while the element of evanescence is with the former. Tho the pictures on the pane are finer than those on the canvas, they lack the element of time, on which value so largely depends. The soul craves, hungers for, this quality of continuance as an element for measuring the value of things. This element of time is somewhat felt in the earlier conditions of humanity; but it grows with the development of men, and attaches itself to every part of human life.

I never saw a diamond that was so beautiful as are the dew-drops which I see on my lawn in summer. What is the difference between a dew-drop and a diamond? One goes in a moment; it flashes and dies; but the other endures; and its value consists in its endurance. There are hundreds of things which are as beautiful as a diamond in their moment; but the endurance of the diamond is measured by ages, and not by moments, and so carries on the value.

I do not draw these reasonings very close as yet--I do not desire to put too much emphasis upon them; but I think you will see that there is a drift in them, and that they will bear, at last, an important relation to this question of immortality. The element of manhood carries with it a very powerful sense of the value of existence. The desire to live is a blind instinct. A happy experience brings to this instinct many auxiliaries--the expectation of pleasure; the wish to complete unfinished things; the clinging affection to those that have excited love; and habits of enterprise.

Besides all these, is a development of the sense of value in simply being. We have said that in external matters the continuity of being is an element of value in the judgment which mankind at large have put upon things. We say that the same is true in respect to the inward existence--to manhood itself. The savage cares very little for life. He lives for to-day; and in every to-day he lives for the hour. Time is of the least importance to him. The barbarian differs from the savage in this: that he lives to-day for to-morrow, perhaps, but not for next year. The semi-civilized man lives for next year; but only for the year, or for years. The civilized man begins to live in the present for the future. And the Christian civilized man begins to live with a sense of the forever.

The extension of the sense of time goes on with the development of manhood in men. The sweet, the tender, the loving, the thoughtful, the intellectual, live not simply with a sense of life as a pleasure-bringer: there grows up in them, with their development toward manhood, an intrinsic sense of the value of being itself.

The soul knows the cargo that it carries. It knows that that cargo is destined to immortality. As men are conscious of seeing more, of thinking more, and of feeling more; as thought becomes more precious; as emotion becomes deeper and more valuable; so men more and more feel that they cannot afford to have such things go to waste.

A man who takes in his hands a lump of mud and molds it to some pleasing form, cares but little when, dropping it, he sees it flatten on the ground. The man that grinds a crystal, and sees it broken, thinks of it for a moment, perhaps, with regret, but soon forgets it. No one, however, can see an organized thing, having its uses, and indicating exquisite skill and long experience, dashed to pieces without pain. But what is anything that is organized in life worth in comparison with the soul of a man? And if that soul be pure, and sweet, and deep, and noble, and active, and fruitful, who can, without a pang, look at it, and think that it must in an instant go to nothing, dissolving again as an icicle from a roof in the spring?

The feeling is not the fruit of mere reflection. It is instinctive. It is universal. Men do not cultivate it on purpose. They cannot help having it. No man of moral culture can regard human life as without immortality except with profound melancholy. No man that is susceptible to reflectiveness can bear to think of man's existence here without the bright background of another life.

The sense of the continuity of existence is grounded in men, and grows with their refinement and development and strength, and gives color to their life, and change to their opinions, it may be.

To men who have developed moral sense and intellectual culture, every element of value in life is made precious by some conscious or some unconscious element of time and continuance. It is the nature of our better faculties, in their better states, to place a man in such relations to everything that is most precious to him, that it gives him pleasure in the proportion in which it seems to be continuous and permanent, and gives him pain in the proportion in which it seems to be evanescent and perishing.

We are building a crystal character with much pain and self-denial; and it is to be built as bubbles are blown? What is finer in line than the bubble? What is more airy? Where are pictures more exquisite, where are colors more tender and rich and beautiful--and where is there anything that is born so near to its end as a bubble? Is the character which we are building with so much pain and suffering and patience, with so much burden of conscience, and with so much aspiration; is the character which we are forming in the invisible realm of the soul--is that but a bubble? Is that only

a thin film which reflects the transient experiences of a life of joy or sadness, and goes out? Then, what is life worth? If I had no function but that of a pismire; if I were a beetle that rolled in the dirt, and yet were clothed with a power of reflection, and knew what the depths of feeling were, what intense emotions were, and what struggling and yearning were; if, being a mere insect, I had all the works in the intellect of man, and all the aspiration that goes with spiritual elements; if I were but a leaf-cutter, a bug in the soil, or about the same thing on a little larger pattern, and were to be blotted out at death, what would be the use of my trying to grow? If by refining and whetting our faculties they become more susceptible to pleasure, they become equally susceptible to pain. And in this great, grinding, groaning world, pain is altogether out of proportion to pleasure, in an exquisite temperament. The finer men are the better they are, if they are forever; but the finer men are the worse they are if they are only for a day; for they have a disproportion of sensibility to suffering over and above present remuneration and conscious enjoyment.

Men feel an intrinsic sense of personality and personal worth. They have self-esteem, which is the only central, spinal, manly faculty which gives them a sense of personal identity and personal value, and which is an auxiliary counselor of conscience itself. This sense of "I" demands something more than a short round of physical life, to be followed by extinction. I am too valuable to perish so; and every step in life has been training me in the direction of greater value. As men grow broader, and stronger, and finer, and deeper, and sweeter, they become more and more conscious of the intrinsic value of their being, and demand for themselves a harbor in order that they may not be wrecked or foundered.

Nor do I think that there can be found, to any considerable extent, or developed, friendships which shall not, with all their strength and with all their depth, resist the conception of dissolution or of fading. For friendships are not casual likings. Friendships are not merely the interchange of good nature, and the ordinary friendly offices of good neighborhood. These things are friendly, but they do not comprise friendship. Two trees may grow contiguous, and throw their shade one over upon the other; but they never touch nor help each other; and their roots quarrel for the food that is in the ground. But two vines, growing over a porch, meet each other, and twine together, and twist fiber into fiber and stem into stem, and take shape from each other, and are substantially one. And such are friendships. Now, one cannot have his life divided as two trees are. He cannot enter into partnership with others, and be conscious that that partnership shall be but for an hour or for a moment. The sanctity, the honor, the exaltation, the exhilaration of a true and manly friendship lies in the thought of its continuance. There can be no deep friendship which does not sign for endlessness.

Still more is this true of love: not that rudimentary form which seeks lower fruitions, and which is often but little more than passion done up in friendship; but that higher love which manifests itself chiefly in the spiritual realm; that love which is not forever asking, but forever giving; that love which is not centripetal, but centrifugal; that love which, like a mother's, gives for the pleasure of giving; that love which reveres; that love which looks up; that love which seeks to exalt its object by doing what is pleasant and noble; that love which demands continuance, elevation, yea, grandeur, it may be, in the thing beloved. How little will such a love tolerate the idea of evanescence, the dread of discontinuing! Can such a love do other than yearn for immortality?

So then, if you take the thought, it is this: that if men develop, they come under the dominion of higher faculties; and that it is then their nature to stamp on all their occupations, on their self-consciousness, on the whole development of their affections, the need of continuance, of immortality. There are, therefore, in the growth of the mind itself, as a department of nature, these elements of conviction. The mind cannot do other than develop in itself a faith in immortality.

It may be said, and it sometimes is said, that the origin of the belief of existence out of the body, of spiritual existence, may be traced directly back to the dreams of the barbarous ages, to a period when men were so low that they did not recognize the difference between a dream and a waking reality--to a time when persons dreamed that their friends came back to them, and waked up and believed that they had been back. Thus, it is said, began the thought of continuity of life after death. For my part, I do not care how it began. The question is not how it started; the question is, What becomes of it now that it has begun? No matter how it was born, what purpose is it to serve? What is it adapted to do? How is it calculated to influence our manhood? In what way shall it be employed to lead man God-ward? How shall it be used to work most effectually in the direction of civilization and refinement? It so fits every human soul, that men will not let it go. They cling to it with their inward and best nature.

All experiences of human life fall in with this tendency of the mind. When men look out upon the incoherent and unmannerly course of things in time, I can understand how, believing in the future, they may live with patience; but in every age of the world where the clear light of immortality has not shone, men have mostly been discouraged, have been generally indifferent to public superiority, and have taken no interest in things done for the sake of humanity. Such is the worthlessness of time, to the thought of those that

have no faith in the future, that they have cared for little except present physical enjoyment. And on the whole, when such men crowd together, and tribes take the place of individuals, or kingdoms take the place of tribes, with all their complications in the working out of their clashing results, they look upon human life, and feel that the world is not worth living for. Things are so uncertain, products are in such disproportion to their causes, or to the expectations of men, that if there is to be nothing but this life, then, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is not only the philosophy of the epicurean, but the temptation of the most wise and frugal and self-restraining. The nature of life to a man who is highly educated requires that he should believe in the continuity and existence of the myriads that he sees in such a state of quarreling infelicity and wretchedness in this mortal condition. The utter futility of the best part of man's life here, the total bankruptcy of his best endeavors, the worthlessness of his career from the material standpoint, makes it imperative on him to believe that he shall have another chance in another sphere of being.

Is it enough to have been born, to have lived till one is of age, and then to be launched out to founder in mid-ocean? Is it enough that one should devote the best part of his life to the building of a character, only to see the fabric which he has constructed tumbling about his ears? Is this enough in the day of distress and bankruptcy? Is it enough, in the time when a man's ambitions are crossed, and the sky is dark, and he can do nothing but stand amid the ruins of his hopes and expectations? Is not the thought revolting to every instinct of manhood?

But if there is another life; if all our labor has this value in it, that while a man is building up his outward estate, if it is certain that the man himself will live, no matter what becomes of his property and his reputation, then all his endeavors have endless scope, and his life becomes redeemable and radiant.

Nowhere else so much as in the realm of grief, I think, is the question of immortality interpreted. It is true that the first shock of overwhelming grief sometimes drives faith out of the mind; that it sometimes staggers the reason; that it sometimes dispossesses the moral sense of its accustomed health, and leaves the mind in weakness. As in a fever, the natural eye can see nothing aright, and things then seem to dance in the air, and take on grotesque forms, so persons who are bewildered with first sorrow oftentimes see things amiss. And there is no skepticism which is so deep and pulseless as that which often takes possession of people in the first great overmastering surprise and shock of grief. But after one had recovered a little, and the nerve has come to its wonted sensibility, the faith of immortality returns. There is that in every soul which knows what is the strength of life and noble deeds

and aspirations; and therefore there is that in every soul which calls out for immortality.

I cannot believe, I will not believe, when I walk upon the clod, that it is my mother that I tread under foot. She that bore me, she that every year more than gave birth to me out of her own soul's aspiration--I will not believe that she is dust. Everything within me revolts at the idea.

Do two persons walk together in an inseparable union, mingling their brightest and noblest thoughts, striving for the highest ideal, like flowers that grow by the side of each other, breathing fragrance each on the other, and shining in beauty each for the other; are two persons thus twined together and bound together for life, until in some dark hour one is called and the other is left; and does the bleeding heart go down to the grave and say, "I return dust to dust?" Was that dust, then? That trustworthiness; that fidelity; that frankness of truth; that transparent honesty; that heroism of love; that disinterestedness; that fitness and exquisiteness of taste; that fervor of love; that aspiration; that power of conviction; that piety; that great hope in God--were all these elements in the soul of the companion that had disappeared but just so many phenomena of matter? And have they already collapsed and gone, like last year's flowers struck with frost, back again to the mold? In the grief of such an hour one will not let go the hope of resurrection.

Can a parent go back from the grave where he has laid his children and say, "I shall never see them more?" Even as far back as the dim twilight in which David lived, he said, "Thou shalt not come to me, but I shall go to thee"; and is it possible for the parental heart to stand in our day by the side of the grave, where the children have been put out of sight, and say, "They neither shall come to me, nor shall I go to them; they are blossoms that have fallen; they never shall bring forth fruit"? It is unnatural. It is hideous. Everything that is in man, every instinct that is best in human nature repels it.

Is not the human soul, then, itself a witness of the truth of immortality?

Men say, "You cannot prove it. There is no argument that can establish it. No man has seen it, and it cannot be substantiated. It is not a ponderable thing." Men demand that we should prove things by straight lines; by the alembic; by scales; by analysis; but I say that there is much in nature which is so high that scales and rules and alembics cannot touch it. And is not man's soul a part of nature--the highest part?

I hold that even the materialist may believe in immortality. For, altho there is a gross kind of materialism, there may be a materialism which is consistent with a belief in immortality. Because, on the supposition that the mind is matter, it must be admitted that it is incomparably superior to any other matter that we are familiar with. Is there any matter outside of mind that produces thought and feeling such as we see evolved among men? If it be the theory that mind is matter, and if the matter of which the mind is composed be so far above all other kinds of matter in its fruit and product, is it not on so high a plane as presumably not to be subject to the lower and coarser forms of examination and test? I know no reason why cerebral matter may not be eternal. I do not belong to those who take that material view of the mind; but I do not know that immortality is inconsistent even with materialism; and how much more easily may it be reconciled to the view of those who believe in the ineffable character, the imponderable, spiritual condition, of the soul!

In addition to these arguments, when we come to the Word of God, we hear the voices of those who sang and chanted in the past. We hear the disciple crying out, "Christ is risen!" and we hear the apostle preaching this new truth to mankind. So that now the heavens have been broken open. The secrets of the other life have been revealed. And is there not a presumption, following the line of a man's best manhood, that immortality is true? Does one need to go into a rigorous logical examination of this subject? Should one stand jealously at the side of the sepulcher of Christ, and examine this matter as a policeman examines the certificate of a suspected man, or as one takes money from the hand of a cheating usurer and goes out to see if it is gold? Shall one stand at the door from which issue all the hopes that belong to the best part of man; shall one look upon that which is demanded by the very nature of his better manhood, and question it coldly, and tread it under foot?

What do we gain by obliterating this fair vision? Why should not heaven continue to shine on? Why should we not look into it, and believe that it is, and that it waits for us? Have we not the foretokens of it? Is not the analogy of the faculties one that leads us to believe that there is some such thing? Does not the nature of every man that is high and noble revolt at flesh and matter? Are they not rising toward the ineffable? Are not all the intuitions and affections of men such that, the better they are, the more they have of things that are manly, the more indispensable it is that they should have endurance, etherealization, perpetuation?

The heart and flesh cry out for God. They cry out for immortality. Not only does the Spirit from the heavenly land say to every toiling, yearning, anxious soul, "Come up hither," but every soul that is striving upward has in it, if not a vocalized aspiration,

yet a mute yearning--a voice of the soul--that cries out for heaven,

"As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul
after thee, O God!"

On such a day as this, then, in a community of moral feeling, how blest is the truth which comes to us, that we are not as the beasts that die; that we are as the gods that live! That for which we were made is immortality; and our journey is rough, straight, sharp, burdensome, with many tears. Our journey is not to the grave. I am not growing into old age to be blind, and to be deaf, and to be rheumatic, and to shrink a miserable cripple into the corner, shaking and tottering and forgetting all that I ever knew. The best part of me is untouched. The soul; the reason; the moral sense; the power to think; the power to will; the power to love; the power to admire purity, and to reach out after it--that is not touched by time, tho its instrument and means of outer demonstration be corroded and failing. No physical weakness touches the soul. Only the body is touched by sickness. And shake that down! Shake it down! Let it go! For, as the chrysalis bursts open, and the covering which confines the perfected insect is dropt, that he may come out into brightness of form and largeness of life, so this body is but a chrysalis; and when we break through it, we rise on wings by the attraction of God, and by the propulsion of our own inevitable desire and need, and are forever with the Lord.



Helen Keller

TO MR. JOHN HITZ

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138 Brattle St., Cambridge,
Nov. 11, 1899.

...As to the braille question, I cannot tell how deeply it distresses me to hear that my statement with regard to the examinations has been doubted. Ignorance seems to be at the bottom of all these contradictions. Why, you yourself seem to think that I taught you American braille, when you do not know a single letter in the system! I could not help laughing when you said you had been writing to me in American braille--and there you were writing your letter in English braille!

The facts about the braille examinations are as follows:

How I passed my Entrance Examinations for Radcliffe College.

On the 29th and 30th of June, 1899, I took my examinations for Radcliffe College. The first day I had elementary Greek and advanced Latin, and the second day Geometry, Algebra and advanced Greek.

The college authorities would not permit Miss Sullivan to read the examination papers to me; so Mr. Eugene C. Vining, one of the instructors at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, was employed to copy the papers for me in braille. Mr. Vining was a perfect stranger to me, and could not communicate with me except by writing in braille. The Proctor also was a stranger, and did not attempt to communicate with me in any way; and, as they were both unfamiliar with my speech, they could not readily understand what I said to them.

However, the braille worked well enough in the languages; but when it came to Geometry and Algebra, it was different. I was sorely perplexed, and felt quite discouraged, and wasted much precious time, especially in Algebra. It is true that I am perfectly familiar with all literary braille--English, American, and New York Point; but the method of writing the various signs used in Geometry and Algebra in the three systems is very different, and two days before the examinations I knew only the English method. I had used it all through my school work, and never any other system.

In Geometry, my chief difficulty was, that I had always been accustomed to reading the propositions in Line Print, or having

them spelled into my hand; and somehow, although the propositions were right before me, yet the braille confused me, and I could not fix in my mind clearly what I was reading. But, when I took up Algebra, I had a harder time still--I was terribly handicapped by my imperfect knowledge of the notation. The signs, which I had learned the day before, and which I thought I knew perfectly, confused me. Consequently my work was painfully slow, and I was obliged to read the examples over and over before I could form a clear idea what I was required to do. Indeed, I am not sure now that I read all the signs correctly, especially as I was much distressed, and found it very hard to keep my wits about me....

Now there is one more fact, which I wish to state very plainly, in regard to what Mr. Gilman wrote to you. I never received any direct instruction in the Gilman School. Miss Sullivan always sat beside me, and told me what the teachers said. I did teach Miss Hall, my teacher in Physics, how to write the American braille, but she never gave me any instruction by means of it, unless a few problems written for practice, which made me waste much precious time deciphering them, can be called instruction. Dear Frau Grote learned the manual alphabet, and used to teach me herself; but this was in private lessons, which were paid for by my friends. In the German class Miss Sullivan interpreted to me as well as she could what the teacher said.

Perhaps, if you would send a copy of this to the head of the Cambridge School, it might enlighten his mind on a few subjects, on which he seems to be in total darkness just now....